The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

VOL. XXIII
FEB. 1936
No. 2

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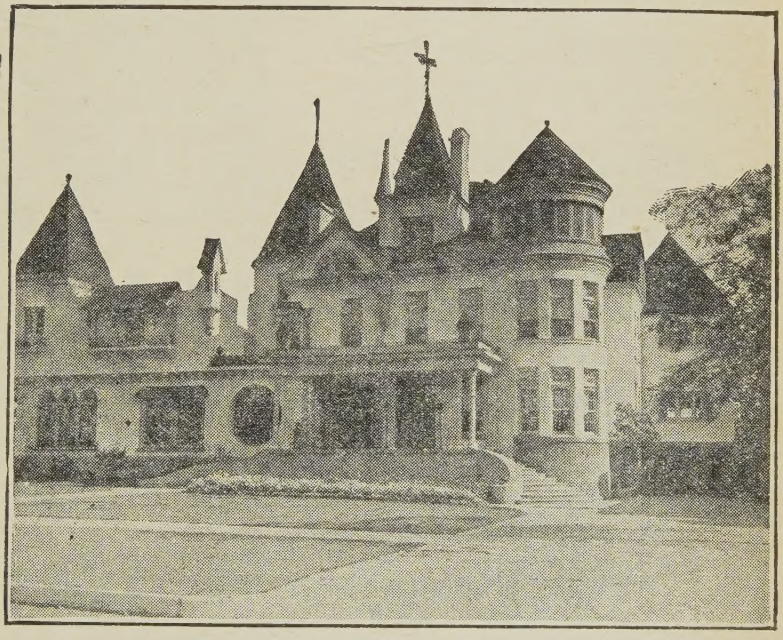

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII FEBRUARY, 1936 No. 2

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Death's Angel

By Bertha A. Kleinman

Why fight Death's Angel as you would a foe,
Why hold at bay a Presence so benign,
When every doubt and pain and throbbing woe
Is ended when he lays his hand in thine!
Why fight the dark when twilight bars the west,
And tenderly the hush of even-tide
Would cradle you and lull you to your rest,
Till morning breaks and flings her portals wide;
Why shrink as from a dire calamity
When through the dusk the Reaper calls his own,
To crown you victor o'er adversity,
And answer every yearning you have known;
Why fight Death's Angel when he brings no strife,
But takes your hand and points the WAY OF LIFE!

Ethel Reynolds Smith

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIII FEBRUARY, 1936 No. 2

Two of America's Greatest Men

By George W. Middleton

THERE is to the mind which looks at the sweep of the centuries much to justify the belief that there is a providential undertow in all human history; and that underneath the apparent will of the individual, and the overt edict of the nation, there is an unseen hand playing the game on the great checker board of time, and directing its issue to a purposeful end.

Who could have imagined that the little group of colonies forming what we now see to be the eastern fringe of our country was destined to become the greatest, most powerful, wealthiest, and most intelligent nation in the world? But all that has happened, and there is yet plenty more to come.

England had extended her conquests to the outposts of the world. Lord Clive had subjugated two hundred and fifty million Hindus, whose treasures were pouring into the vaults of English bankers and in perfect reassurance the English turned their attention to the new world, expecting to reap another bountiful harvest from the colonies which they had planted and acquired.

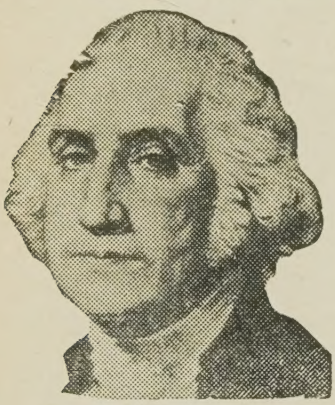
But right here England came up against one of those providential characters who was born to turn the tide of history in a new direction, and to cause monarchs to topple from their thrones as meteors plunge down from the starry vault.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, in the year 1732. His father was a wealthy planter, and the Washingtons were rated among the elite of the colony. The father died when George was but 11 years old. The elder half brother Lawrence conceived a great liking for his sturdy young half brother, and invited him to come to Mount Vernon to live. At Belvoir, three or four miles distant, lived a family of the English aristocracy by the name of Fairfax. Old Lord Fairfax had run away from a tragic love affair in his native England and sought the solitude of the American colonies for peace of mind. Lawrence Washington had married one of the Fairfax girls, so there was a close family tie between the Washingtons and the Fairfaxes.

George Washington grew into a sturdy self-reliant youth, endowed with a great fund of common sense, and a character like the rigid oak that grew from the soil of his native Westmoreland. Old Lord Fairfax developed a great liking for the boy, and took him into his employ as one

of the surveying crew to mark out the boundaries of his great estate, which embraced nearly all of Culpepper County.

Washington's education was limited, because no high schools or colleges were available to him. But he was thorough in everything he did,



GEORGE WASHINGTON

and later in life he developed a fine penmanship, and an enviable literary style.

The French occupied the country of the Great Lakes to the north, and as their colonies spread they began to swarm down into the Ohio Valley. But England and the English colonies claimed this country too. Old Governor Dinwiddie looked about for a person of discretion and courage whom he could send over the mountains with a message to the French commandant at the head waters of the Ohio. Although George Washington was only 21 years old, he was chosen for this very important errand.

Through much hardship and difficulty, he and Christopher Gist made their way over the mountains and back, and when George Washington's report was reduced to writing it was thought so highly of that it was forwarded to the mother country, and printed in all the papers.

Soon the French and Indian war came on and Washington was entrusted with the command of the militia from his native province.

The story of Braddock's defeat is known to every school boy. The God-like courage and coolness displayed by Washington in the face of that terrible disaster were noted with pride by his fellow colonists. One preacher said in his sermon that he believed that God had raised up this heroic young man for some great service to his country.

GROWING out of the French and Indian war was the claim of the mother country that it had the right to tax the colonies, and impose such trade restrictions on them that they would be a source of increasing revenue. But England discovered to her dismay that a new breed of men had come on the scene. The group which had rallied around Washington, their great heroic leader, had breathed the breath of freedom from the air flung from Atlantic waves, and took the inspiration of the lofty mountain peaks and the great still places of the mighty untamed empire which stretched away to the setting sun.

A GROUP of less than three million people, fully one-third of whom were in sympathy with the enemy, fought the most powerful nation on the globe, and made them sue for peace. Washington said repeatedly that God fought their battles, and the unbiased student of history must agree with him. There were times, as at Valley Forge, when the cause of America was held in the palm of the hand of this one great heroic man, and one faltering thought on his part would have re-

duced the struggle for liberty to dismal disaster, but he did not falter. God knew whom He could trust.

AFTER the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, we see Washington back on his plantations at Mount Vernon. He had married Martha Custis, the wealthiest widow in the colonies, and her great fortune enabled him to give the eight years, without compensation, to his country, which won the cause of liberty. He wished now only for peace, and the privilege of making things grow from the soil. He was the greatest farmer that America has ever produced. But his country called again, and he sat for four months in Independence Hall and helped to construct the constitution of our country.

WE next see him riding through floral arches, with young ladies spreading roses in his pathway as he went to be sworn in as our first President. His great character gave that stability that was necessary for the launching of the new Ship of State. The English historian, John Richard Green, in commenting on him said, "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." He saw the problems of our country with a clarity that in the light of history seems prophetic. In his farewell address he plead with his people to steer clear of the entangling alliances of Europe. In bitter regret we have learned the significance of that wise counsel, which applies now with more emphasis than it did at the time of its delivery.

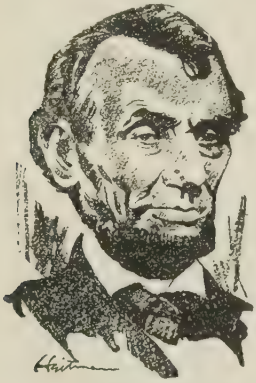
AFTER the launching of the ship of state by our revolutionary fathers, there was great admiration for the new venture in popular government. The myth of the divine right of kings was dead, and monarchs began to tumble from their thrones. French officers and soldiers who had fought for the cause of America, went back home to demand freedom for their own people. But there was no such background of stability on the part of their citizenship as the colonies of America had produced, and no George Washington to lead them. They went through a most terrible orgie of blood, and ended up in a dictatorship almost as tyrannical as the one it had supplanted.

With the concessions that had to be made to hold all sections of the United States in the compact of the union, it was found that certain compromises agreed to were most vital in their significance, and in the future years were to strike at the very heart of the union itself. God raised up one great character to establish the union, and in the hour of peril He raised up another one to preserve it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in a little log house near Hodgensville, Kentucky, in the year 1809. His people were classed among the poor whites of the south. But little is known about his mother as she died young, and at a time when no significance was attached to the name. But his father was a shiftless illiterate man who never aspired to any home better than a log hut.

The Lincolns knew bitter poverty as they migrated from one section to another, and carved new farms out of the wilderness. The mother of Abraham Lincoln was buried near Gentryville, Indiana in a coffin made by a whipsaw from the forest trees.

In due course of time a stepmother was installed, and this was the greatest streak of luck that ever came to Tom Lincoln. Sally Bush Lincoln brought clothing and bedding and furniture to the forlorn Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

home in the wilderness, but of much greater significance than these she brought a great Christian heart, which went out in solicitude to the motherless children.

From the first she developed a sympathy and love for the boy Abraham, and did everything in her power to aid him in his struggle for an education.

Schools were of the poorest. Probably six months was the limit of his attendance at school. But he made a great effort at educating himself. He borrowed books from his neighbors, and read and studied by the flickering fire light.

THE year Abraham Lincoln came of age, he helped the family in their final move to Coles County, Illinois, and then went out to meet the world on his own initiative.

At New Salem he became a clerk in a store, the postmaster, and later the county surveyor. He gained the admiration of the younger set by defeating Jack Armstrong, a noted wrestler in a bout on the village green. He was generous and just and kind to everybody, and he soon became a great favorite. There was a love affair between him and a fine young lady by the name of Ann Rutledge, and the untimely death of Ann almost unhinged his reason.

He was elected to the State Legislature a number of times in succession, during which time he studied law, and in due course of time he became one of the leading attorneys of the state, with his headquarters at Springfield.

He married an aristocratic young lady by the name of Mary Todd from the bluegrass region of Kentucky. Much has been said about this unusual match, but after years of study from authentic histories, and interviews with prominent people in southern Illinois who were intimately acquainted with the Lincolns, I arrived at the conclusion that Mary Todd made Abraham Lincoln President, and that she was quite as providential as he was. A chronic brain disease which resulted in insanity even before her husband's martyrdom gave the public the wrong impression of her. Slavery had been in existence in America from the days of the Jamestown colony, but since the invention of the cotton gin, the plantations of the south, and the negroes who worked them had become very valuable. Four millions of black people were held to involuntary service.

The slave power of the south assumed great proportions. It dominated the government, electing its presidents, and controlling its legislative and judicial departments. It represented billions of dollars of money value, and was striving in every conceivable way to extend its borders, so that it could maintain its

supremacy. Great iniquity developed in it, and it became very revolting to all those who were not personally and financially interested in it.

In the providences of God the great Mississippi valley was opened up for settlement. This is the finest block of high class agricultural land on the globe. Millions of people flocked in there, and made new homes. It was here that America found its conscience, and Abraham Lincoln made vocal that awakening.

IN 1858 he was pitted against Douglas for the United States senate. They fought out the issues of the campaign in a series of joint debates, which attracted the attention of the civilized world. Lincoln was defeated, but he drew out from Douglas statements which were to come back and defeat him two years later when the presidency was the prize sought for.

When Lincoln was elected President there were nearly twice as many votes against him as for him, but they were divided among Douglas and Breckenridge and Bell, and so they neutralized one another. It seemed a strange experiment for our country to pick this country lawyer up from the circuit of southern Illinois and put him at the helm of the ship of state when she was on the breakers. But in due course of time the American people discovered that a master hand was at the wheel. Secession had been a longdrawn threat, but now it became an actual fact, with the powerful south all in deadly revolt against the government. Great powers over the water that had watched with ever increasing jealousy this rising power of the new world, were now jubilant with the thought that the United States was going to pieces. Problems of external and internal diplomacy were most perplexing and had to be handled with the greatest of delicacy. Firmness and determination were most urgently needed. The new president was found to possess just those qualities which were necessary to handle the situation. When you weigh him up against any and all of the aspirants for the presidency at that time there was not one of them that came anywhere near to his class. It was not the whim of any political clique, it was not the caprice of a minority of the electorate, it was God who called Abraham Lincoln, and placed him at the helm of the Ship of State at that critical hour to do a work that no other man of his generation could have done. At the very moment of the acme of his power he was struck down by the bullet of an assassin, and his precious blood was consecrated to the cause of our great country, to cement all its parts together we hope for all the years to come.

WHAT a heritage is the memory of these two great men! One christened in silken robes and reared in the lap of luxury; the other recruited from the ranks of poverty and toil and humiliation. And yet they were equally patriotic, equally firm, equally unselfish, equally honest, equally courageous.

It was said of Washington that he was "Best among the great and greatest among the good," and John Hay, the private secretary and most intimate friend of Lincoln, said that with all his foibles he believed he was the greatest character since Jesus Christ.

One Pearl

By Judge Nephi Jensen

AND so you paid ten thousand for this old farm," remarked Harry Hemingway with the slow drawl, characteristic of the men of the Blue Mountain state, who measure their words as well as weigh them.

"Yes," assented John Smith who stood just inside the gate to his newly acquired Vermont home. And before Hemingway's cynical chuckle subsided, Smith added with apparent enthusiastic pride, "I would have given ten times ten thousand if I had it and had not been able to close the deal for less money."

Hemingway laughed as heartily as his New England staid conservatism would permit.

When Hemingway's subdued laughter got under control, he ventured to inquire,

"What is the peculiar attraction about this particular farm?"

"Since you want to know, I will tell you. Some years ago I became rather fond of Emerson's poetry. Of course you will wonder what poetry has to do with the attractiveness of a farm. I admit that the relationship is rather remote. But one day while I was in a sort of mystical mood, I read these lines from Emerson:

"I go to seek my native hearthstone
Bosomed in yon glen alone,
A secret nock, a pleasant land
Whose grove the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green the live-long day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And brutal feet have never trod—
A spot that's sacred to thought and God."

"The serene charm and rhythm of the lines impressed me profoundly. They sent me into a reverie of thought. A moving picture of familiar landscapes, and oft seen and cherished dales and coves, passed through my mind. I became obsessed with the desire of finding a spot of earth that imparts the delight of perfect solitude. I immediately forgot other concerns, and went in search of a place possessing the charm of peaceful serenity. For years I traveled. I searched. One day I learned that this farm was for sale. In walking over the place I came one day to a densely wooded spot near the sparkling clear creek that merrily sings hard by. I found a little perfectly secluded retreat within this clump of trees. I entered it, and a spirit of prefect peace and serenity took possession of me. Every vestige of discord left me, and I felt the deep beauty of the 'solemnity of eternity.'

"I determined then and there to purchase the farm at any price within my reach."

"That is the strangest motive for buying a farm I ever heard of," observed Hemingway dryly.

"I suppose it is," assented Smith. "But the strangest part of my story is yet to be told. You will laugh a side-shaking laugh when you hear it. One day after purchasing the place, while I was making a close examination of this sylvan nook, I discovered a precious pearl near the edge of the water. I eagerly picked it up and took it to the house. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that when I entered the house with the gem I experienced the same infinite peace that I discovered in the

little grove. I immediately concluded that the pearl actually radiated peace and contentment."

"That is quite a spooky story, I should say," rejoined Hemingway with a chuckle.

"Spooky or not spooky, it is true. Moreover, I have discovered that no matter where I go, if I have this pearl with me, my soul is calm and serene."

"Well, that is a story," Hemingway commented with a skeptical twist to his intonations.

He walked away from Smith with the incipient notion that Smith was a little odd. As he thought about the strange story he had just heard, he found himself resorting to a harsher word in his description of Smith. He concluded that Smith was a fanatic.

WHEN Hemingway got home, he told his wife the strange story of the new found pearl. Of course he embellished the narrative with superlative adjectives; and punctuated the recital with cynical chuckles.

In a few days the peculiar story was the common property of the neighborhood. Dame gossip became the efficient publicity agent for Hemingway. And she was not parsimonious in the distribution of her wares. As the story sped from lip to lip, it took on an ever-increasing number of descriptive titiles for the quiet, cultured and unassuming Mr. Smith.

It was not long before he commenced to observe an ill-disguised attempt on the part of his neighbors to conceal their frigidity toward him. As he passed them on the street, he at times noticed rather curious stares, the raising of eyebrows, and furtive whispered comments. Acrid slander soon augmented the mischief wrought by ruthless rumor, and unoffending Smith commenced to be harrassed, ostracized, and even persecuted.

His persistent aloofness from the activities of the local church, together with his well-known pronounced convictions, and rather original ideas of what is vital in religion, only added to the disapprobation in which he was now held by the community. Although he was a man of fine literary attainments, unimpeachable probity, of retiring habits, and unobtrusive in his religious predilections, he found himself to be the unpleasant victim of a cruel mal-social adjustment. He was compelled to sell his farm for little or nothing.

WITH his family, consisting of a refined wife and two children, he migrated to the West. On the long and weary trek westward, they were ill-fed, afflicted at times, and subjected to the harsh rigors of the wild, trackless plains. Untamed savages lurked in the way and threatened their peace and menaced their lives.

But they slowly and courageously traveled toward the setting sun. They were sustained and inspired by the sublime faith that their wearysome journey was but a brief chapter in their eternal development. This precious faith was kept alive by the Pearl they carried with them.

When they reached their destination, Smith set to work with renewed energy and characteristic persistence to establish a new home. By dint of hard work, wise planning, thrift, and frugality, he soon made his home in an inviting little farming community pleasant and comfortable.

In a few years wide-spreading

green pastures, waving grain fields, and lawns and orchards added to the profit, comfort and charm of their western home. Herds of cattle and sheep, together with a snug deposit at the bank, justified Smith and his family in looking to the future with comforting assurance of continued plenty.

BUT adversity never abandons his destructive work. Just at the time when fortune smiled most pleasantly on the Smith home, ruthless adversity was just around the corner, planning wide-spread, economic devastation. A financial cataclysm shook the economic structure of our fabulously rich country from center to circumference; and left an industrial paralysis in which millions of Americans walked the streets in rags, shivered in the cold, and opened their unfed mouths and cried for bread in the presence of rotting abundance. It was one of history's most ghastly tragedies.

The bank in which Smith had deposited his savings was forced into liquidation. When the lawyers and receivers got their shares, Smith received a paltry five hundred for his substantial thousands. In the meantime he was compelled to meet his notes at the bank given for money borrowed to increase his herds and extend his much prized acres. Foreclosure followed foreclosure until Smith's title to his home hung in the balance.

CHRISTMAS Eve, 1893, found Smith sitting near the open fireplace in his library. The lights were out; and the flickering flame on the hearth revealed rows upon rows of highly prized books that had been collected and read through the years. Smith leaned toward the fire and held his head between his hands. He was in deep brown study. His wife sat near. Her tresses were now streaked with gray.

Smith started to speak. He hesitated. He was afraid what the cruel effect of what he was about to say would have upon his wife. He started again.

"We just can't save the home."

"I know it," she mused cheerily.

"All is lost."

"All is not lost," she retorted with a heart-touching firmness, as tears of gratitude came into her eyes.

"We still have everything. We have the Pearl of Great Price."

Ethel Reynolds Smith

By Julia A. F. Lund

IT has been said that the aim of every woman should be to attain great, glorious, well rounded womanhood—then let come what may—sisterhood or motherhood. It is rare indeed that one attains to both with so great a degree of perfection as may be claimed for our beloved Ethel.

She was one of the youngest of the group of women whom President Clarissa S. Williams called to her board, and the history of Relief Society for the last fifteen years tells how devoted she has been to the work.

Ethel Reynolds was born October 23, 1889. Her mother was Amelia Schofield, and her father the scholar, writer and "defender of the faith," George Reynolds. Her training was that of the average young Latter-day Saint girl in Salt Lake City; but more than most young women she drew her education from life experience as well as from formal institutions of learning.

AT a very early period in her life she began her work in the Church, first in the Historian's Office. It was while she was so engaged that she married Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, November 2, 1908. Though only nineteen years of age, she assumed the duties of wife to Brother Smith and mother to his two little daughters. These little ones, whose mother had died, were always objects of tender care and devotion to Ethel. She is the mother of nine children, two of whom were born after her call to the General Board of Relief Society.

From the very beginning of her married life, Ethel kept her mind active through intellectual pursuits and association with her scholarly husband. She is a beautiful example of John Dewey's maxim, to "learn to do things by doing them."

Perhaps the organization to which she gave most attention prior to her Relief Society work was that of the Genealogical Society. She was chosen by Brother Willard Young as his assistant in the Salt Lake Genealogical work.

SOON after she was called to be a member of the General Board of Relief Society, she remarked that some one had said to her she should not accept any public position as her home duties were sufficient to engross all her time and attention. Her answer was typical; she said, "You claim some periods for recreation, as it is the right of everyone to do. My Relief Society work will be my recreation. I shall take no more time for it than you do for your parties, theatres, etc., and I shall be a better wife and mother for this."

Her willingness to serve in whatever form the call came, her quick intellect, her keen understanding of the principles of the Gospel, her love for the Church and people, made her a great power for good on the Board. She was a member of more committees than any other one member, and very few traveled as extensively in visiting the Stakes. Whether in consultation in lesson work, or in public address, she demonstrated the same thoroughness of preparation and clearness of vision. Her brilliant mind and sincere eloquence always made a great appeal. She was chosen

to speak upon the subject "Lucy Mack Smith, the Mother of the Prophet," at the Relief Society Conference, April, 1930. It was a masterly address, and through it could be read her own experience of a faithful wife and devoted mother.

Measured in terms of service, Ethel has given a great portion of her life to Relief Society, and her place is secure in the hearts of her co-workers. Somewhat fragile in body, she has always had the tendency to over-tax her physical strength. Life holds so much for her, and she must have health and strength to meet these most precious years with her husband and children. In order to safeguard her health, she must relinquish some of her cherished duties, and among these, that of a member of the General Board of Relief Society.

Ethel realizes that all study and all experience should help her to acquire living values, and with this knowledge, make adjustments that enable her to prepare to take part efficiently, intelligently and responsibly in the home circle, community life and the public affairs of the Church, where she fills so large a place with her lovely family and gifted husband.

She will ever hold the General Board and Relief Society in her heart, and they will always have a prayer for her.

DEAR MOTHER

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

Dear Mother, here's a valentine
So many years in making;
It's tied and dyed in things I've learned
And hallowed with hearts' waking.

It's decked with buds, those other days
You pointed to eternal flowers;
And now, because of you, my ways
Lead on through fragrant bowers.

It wears a heart—my own to you—
You taught me how to give;
There's so much joy in life, because,
You taught me how to live.

And last of all it holds a thought,
"To one I love," in gravest manner,
How many times the thought that you
Love me, has been my banner.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

FEBRUARY—A whirl of snow marks the winter's passing. A whirl of gayety ushers in the spring.

QUEEN ELENA imploring divine aid for Italy deposited her own and the King's wedding rings in an urn at the tomb of the unknown soldier. Some 8,000,000 women, including Donna Rachale Mussolini made the same sacrifice. Thus was raised $80,000,000 to the cause of the war.

MRS. CLARENCE GAEQUE of London has offered an annual $1,000 scholarship for an American woman to study in Europe to gain an international understanding for the promotion of peace.

MRS. ELIZABETH LONG, 102 years old, of Edmon, Pa., died last month, just after she said to her grandson, who had been reading to her from the Bible, "You know dying never entered my mind."

ANNE HARDING, popular film actress has decided to stage a series of children's stories including fairy tales and children's classics, designed solely for juvenile audiences.

HELEN HAYES has completely conquered the New York audiences by her recent characterization of "Victoria Regina." The years encompassed by the play, from childhood to the Diamond Jubilee, require miracles in make-up and costuming which Miss Hayes combines with her consummate art of acting to perfection.

KATHERINE HEPBURN again heads the list of outstanding film stars. This year for her portrayal of "Alice Adams."

LILY PONS, since producing "I Dream Too Much," is acclaimed throughout the music world as the greatest living coloratura soprano.

LUCREZIA BORI has announced her retirement from opera at the close of this season. She is a member of the directorate of the Metropolitan opera and the only member ever to sing a role.

TRUDIE SCHOOP, a little Swiss girl imitated a tree in a windstorm, and produced such laughter among her playmates that she determined her career was comic dancing. Now with an organized troup she has become a favorite entertainer throughout Europe.

MARGARET FLINT, of Mississippi, is the winner of the $10,000 prize offered by Dodd Mead and Pictorial Review for the best novel in 1935. "The Old Ashburn Place" is the title.

BESS STREETER ALDRICH'S new book, "Spring Came On Forever," is another charming saga of Nebraska life brought up to date.

ELLEN CHASE again presents a story of the sea faring people of the Maine coast called "Mary Peters."

MARIE MEDORA SHORES, a former Salt Lake girl, age 16, has had a novel of adventure and intrigue accepted by the publishers.

Sally Bush

By Fay Ollerton

I FOUND this story of Sally Bush in an old diary in southern Utah. It was told by a woman who had been born on a farm near Little Pigeon Creek, Indiana just two years before Tom Lincoln, his wife Nancy, a daughter Sarah, and a boy Abe built their winter camp on the creek.

Fourteen years the Lincolns lived on their Little Pigeon Creek land; the little girl across the county line was sixteen years of age when they moved away. She knew her neighbors, the "Linkuns" well; so well that years later in another pioneer land where the soil was neither black nor deep, but red sand on rocks, she told stories of neighbor "Linkun" and his family.

Strangely, she who had seen him so often, never knew that the solemn boy who helped her father with the butchering, who passed her barefooted and silent in the summer woods, or sat near her in the Pigeon Creek church was Abraham Lincoln, the President martyred in far off Washington when she was struggling to build a second home in an arid land. She was too worn and isolated in southern Utah's Dixie to connect the lad with the martyr.

This woman, married a Cragun, who was a follower of Brigham Young. Of her large family only one, a daughter Martha, preserved the family saga. In disposition, Martha Cox (by marriage) was not unlike Sally Bush. All her adult life she worked to help her children and those of her husband by another marriage. After she had conquered herself, she tried to help the desert children to gentler ways. She pioneered school teaching in Nevada when that state was a land of desperados and thwarted gold seekers. And she went into Mexico to help the children of a detached people.

I FOUND her diary this past year, three years after Martha had written her last entry in a wavering hand when she was a tired but still curious old woman. Near the beginning of her story—in the firm hand of youth, she wrote:

"The Lincolns moved into Indiana and took a farm near my grandfather's. They were situated on the opposite sides of the county line. My mother told us stories of this lazy neighbor "Linkun" as she knew him. She sometimes referred to him as "Old lazy Linkun" whose children took parched corn to school for luncheons—Mother said that the "Linkun's" farm was left to grow up to blackberry vines and sumachs. She told us that he grew tired of the life of a widower, borrowed a suit of clothes and a pair of boots from a friend who offered the loan, and went across the river into Kentucky, bringing home a wife who came under the impression that she was marrying a man who owned a farm and slaves. When she reached his home, a floorless, windowless hut and saw that his only servants were the thinly clothed children, her first thought was to return home. But as she gazed at the melancholy face and sockless feet of Nancy Lincoln's little boy, she rolled up her sleeves and said, 'I'll stay for the sake of this boy.'

"My mother never learned who the Lincolns were—and not until long years afterwards when I read the private life of Lincoln did I learn who were the originals of my mother's story, and that the sad faced boy who moved the heart of the stepmother was that of him who became the martyred President. I wish my mother had known it while she lived."

Oh, Sally Bush! What a treasure trembled in the balance that day while you made your decision, and by it forever linked your name with that of the great President.

ESCALANTE LAND

By Minnie J. Hardy

O'er dusty deserts vast and gray,
A brown robed Padre blazed the way;
Through mighty canyons, roughly piled,
Explored a country, vast and wild,
And while his men sought food and cheer
Brave Escalante rested here.

This fertile valley, still asleep
Was pressed by weary sandaled feet;
There wierd, fantastic cliffs about
Gave back the soldier's lusty shout
As with the first, faint rays of dawn
The dauntless Padre journeyed on.

Long ages passed, midst sun and rain
Before another white man came,
A man of courage, faith and power,
Who treasured nature's priceless dower;
Then here, these friendly peaks among,
This vale was blessed by Brigham Young.

Sweet, sun-kissed valley: tranquil, still,
Where Beauty smiles from every hill,
Kind neighbors their good will impart
With helping hand and loving heart,
In Sorrow's hour of joyous feast
They live as did the gentle priest.

O! May grim Time forever spare
This lovely homeland, bright and fair,
And sheltered here from worldly strife
May these friends live the simple life,
Give to their neighbors all their best,
And gladly greet the stranger guest

The Padre prayed in foreign tongue
To the same God as Brigham Young,
His people seek the path he trod
And are thrice blessed by the same God,
Health, love and joy, their's to command
In wondrous Escalante Land.

JUST BELIEVE

By Linnie Parker

If you believe in happiness,
It's bound to come to you—
It's believing in our dreams, I guess,
That makes our dreams come true.

For though the world is white with snow,
We still believe in Spring,
We still believe that grass will grow,
Believe that birds will sing;

And though the skies are gray and drear
Instead of brilliant blue,
We still believe that they'll be clear
In just a day or two.

And so it is with happiness—
Believe in it—and lo!
Our sorrows will grow less and less,
Our joys will grow and grow!

Spring doesn't make the song, we find,
As much as song makes Spring—
And joy will follow close behind
If we'll believe and sing.

So when the clouds hang overhead
And hearts just have to grieve—
Remember that there's joy ahead
If we will just believe!

Earth and Stars

By Rosannah C. Irvine

A PLAY IN ONE ACT. THREE SCENES

Cast of Characters

NORMA LEWIS, *afterwards* NORMA DUFFIN. *She is about twenty-three years old, with a buoyancy and sweetness which are almost submerged at the present time by baffled hopes.*

JIMMY DUFFIN, *Norma's sweetheart, afterward her husband. He is about twenty-four years old, but in the first two scenes appears much older. He looks and feels like a derelict, and sometimes finds himself acting like one.*

MISS MARY MORTON, *a welfare worker with an understanding heart.*

MRS. NAN BOWERS, *a woman who loves to give.*

SCENE 1

The curtain rises on a quiet corner of a city park. Norma is discovered sitting on a bench. Her clothes are well made and in good style, but are shabby. Her face is rather beautiful in spite of the effects of hunger and suffering which show plainly through her makeup. She is neat and clean. She glances anxiously around as if watching for someone. She looks sad and disheartened. In a moment or two after the curtain rises, Jimmy enters.

Jimmy, is shabby, unshaved, and undernourished. He is marked with defeat and despair. He has a sullen, hang-dog expression, combined with a furtive, hunted look in his eyes.

NORMA—Hello, Jimmy. I'd just about given you up. What's the matter? You look excited.

JIMMY—(*Throws himself on the bench at her side. Irritably.*) I'm not excited. I'm tired. I've been working.

NORMA—(*Amazed*) Oh Jimmy! Have you really got work? Is it steady? What kind of work is it?

JIMMY—(*Trying to master his feverishness*) It was only a little job, but the man felt sorry for me I guess and gave me five bucks. I think I can get some more when I go after it again. (*He speaks as if he had learned a piece by heart.*)

NORMA—(*Delighted*) I think that's wonderful, Jimmy. What kind of work is it? Engineering?

JIMMY—(*Shortly*) No! It's a new opening. I can't talk about it yet.

NORMA—(*anxiously*) It isn't anything shady, is it?

JIMMY—No! (*Then fiercely*) A man has a right to live! From now on, I'm going to—- (*His voice breaks. He lays his head on his arm, hiding his face.*)

NORMA—(*Sympathetically*) What is it, Jimmy? Tell me.

JIMMY—(*Struggling to gain his composure*) I might as well tell you. You'd find it out anyway. I haven't had any work. I found the money

NORMA—(*Apprehensively*) Where did you find it, Jimmy? Did you try to find the owner?

JIMMY—(*Crossly*) Well, what do *you* think? No one hunts for money they drop on the street, even if they ever miss it.

NORMA—(*Still unconvinced*) I don't see how anyone could lose it on the street. If anyone had it out counting it, he would surely miss it. Wouldn't he? (*Then easing her conscience*) If you inquired, a dozen people might claim it. Let's accept it as a gift from the skies. When did you eat last, Jimmy?

JIMMY—I don't know. Yesterday noon, I believe.

NORMA—Well, I beat you on that then. I had a long glass of milk this morning. Where did you sleep last night, Jimmy?

JIMMY—On a bench in the park. (*Coughs*). Caught a little cold, too.

NORMA—You poor kid! I thought that you slept with a night watchman or something.

JIMMY—I have most of the time lately. But he's gone on his vacation now. I went there three or four nights ago, and the fellow who's taken his place told me to go and jump in the lake. So I slept in the hoos gow for two nights.

NORMA—(*Shocked*) Oh Jimmy!

JIMMY—It's a lot better than sleeping on a bench in the park, or on a cement floor. I had a good bed there, the first I've slept in for weeks.

NORMA—Oh Jimmy, I didn't know things were that bad with you.

JIMMY—Say, lady, you ain't heard nothin' yet. (*Pause*) I'm sick and tired. I'm at the end of my rope. There's plenty of money and food in the world. I'm willing to work for my share of it. (*Wildly*) I tell you I'm willing to work. I'll do anything. But I won't tramp the streets and starve any longer, looking for a chance to work for what I need to keep me alive. If they won't let me work I'll beat the game somehow. I can out smart some of these smart guys yet.

NORMA—Jimmy, I've never heard you talk that way before. What's the matter with you? You shouldn't talk that way even in fun.

JIMMY—(*Sullenly*) I'm hungry and discouraged. That's what's the matter with me. You know well enough. And if you think that's funny, you're mistaken. I'm telling you I was never more serious in my life. I've tried to get work. I've tried to be decent and square. Where's it got me? Sleeping in jail and begging for food. And where's it got you?

NORMA—Well, so far we've kept our self respect. But hunger does play the dickens with one's ideals. I've been so hungry sometimes lately I could have robbed a baby's bank if I had seen one lying around handy. (*Jimmy starts to say something, then changes his mind.*)

JIMMY—(*After a pause*) Well, that's that! Norma, will you marry me?

NORMA—(*Startled*) Why Jimmy, this is so sudden.

JIMMY—I know, and I haven't a thing on earth to offer you. But I do love you. Think it over for a minute. And don't think I've gone looney. A married man has a lot better chance to get work than a single man. An unmarried man is considered a tramp, and treated like one. It's a lot easier to get on relief, too, if you're married. (*Suddenly losing*

control of himself.) I've been treated worse than a dog. I've had doors slammed in my face by sleek, smug women with fat poodles in their arms.

NORMA—They spat on Jesus, you know. Someone said that God never gave anyone an impossible task to do, if they would remember Jesus and—

JIMMY—(*Interrupting her crossly*) Oh, for pity's sake don't preach! That's more than I can bear. You talk a lot about God. What's He ever done for either of us? He's too far away to hear our prayers. He certainly isn't very fatherly. I'm all off on asking Him for anything any more.

NORMA—(*Shocked*) Jimmy! You mustn't talk like that! It's wicked.

JIMMY—(*Shrilly*) Be quiet, I tell you! I can't stand your eternal preaching. I suppose you think it's all right to let your children starve.

(*Norma is too wise to argue or take offense. She realizes that his nerves are at the breaking point. She sits quietly until he has gained control of himself. For about ten seconds there is tense silence. The emotional feeling must be sustained even though no word is spoken.*)

JIMMY—(*Penitently*) Norma, I'm sorry. This thing has got me, but I have no business taking it out on you. Especially when I had just proposed.

NORMA—(*Laughing*) And before I'd even accepted you. Any one would think you were a crotchety old man and tired of my companionship, the way you flew at me.

(*They burst into hysterical laughter. Sitting hand in hand, they rock back and forth laughing until they are weak.*)

JIMMY—(*Gaining control of his emotions, speaks with difficulty.*) Norma darling, will you marry me in spite of my crazy temper?

(*Norma, still laughing weakly, nods her head. Jimmy puts his arm around her.*)

JIMMY—Come darling, brace up. You mustn't have hysterics on your wedding day.

NORMA—(*Wiping her eyes, looks up at him smiling.*) I think that's the craziest and sweetest proposal a girl ever had. Both of us starving. Both hysterical. No work. No money.

JIMMY—(*taking the five dollar bill out of his pocket and waving it before her*) You forget the five bucks. Enough to buy a license and a dinner. And we'll leave the rest to fate. I'd like to give you a ring. I suppose we have to have one, don't we?

NORMA—(*ruefully*) Yes. And I pawned my last one last month to pay my rent. But we can buy one good enough for the time being at the Five and Ten. I saw some pretty ones there the other day for a quarter.

JIMMY—(*Ashamed*) And I would like to give you one of platinum and diamonds. (*He gets up abruptly and walks about. Then fiercely*) And I will too. You mark my word. You'll have diamonds, and (*with a wide inclusive gesture*) everything you want,—and money to burn, before you're a year older.

NORMA—Oh, I haven't had it so hard. Not nearly so hard as you have. And I don't want fine things. I've never wanted to be rich. I'd like to have enough to keep us respectably,—and plenty to eat. I've been

hungry sometimes and discouraged very often. But I've had a decent room to sleep in at least.

JIMMY—Darling, you're a brick. Are you sure you don't want to back out?

NORMA—Certain sure. (*Then dramatically, as if struck by a terrible thought.*) Can it be that you want me to marry you for the sake of getting work, mister?

JIMMY—(*Crossly*) What gave you that cock-eyed idea? You know perfectly well I've been crazy in love with you ever since the first day I saw you.

NORMA—It's mutual, darling. I'd rather be your wife than live in a palace.

JIMMY—That's complimentary and comforting. But I must warn you, my dear, "Thou art wedded to calamity."

NORMA—(*Laughing*) Now I'll tell one. Listen to this, "A pleasant companion on a journey is as good as a carriage." And I know some more, too. How's this? "The good ship Matrimony is always seaworthy provided the passengers do not rock the boat."

JIMMY—(*Responding almost gaily*) Well, for two starving lunatics, we're doing pretty well at repartee. Seeing we're airing our culture, so to speak, I'll say with Brutus,

"Oh, ye gods, make me worthy of this noble wife."

NORMA—Shakespeare again! Well, I'm too far gone for a come back. Let's crawl to the nearest hot dog stand, or I'll be 'remains' before I'm a bride.

JIMMY—No hot dog stand for our wedding feast. I know a neat little cafe less than half a block away, where we can get a steak and ice cream.

NORMA—Oh darling, lead me to it!

(*They go out as the curtain falls.*)

SCENE 2

The Welfare office of Miss Mary Morton. It is furnished with the usual office equipment, a desk, two or three chairs, an office bench, magazines, papers, and a telephone. Miss Morton is seated at her desk. She is looking over some reports, and making notes. She is plainly dressed, and is wholesome and kind. There is a long enough pause after the curtain rises for the audience to get the atmosphere of the place. Then Mrs. Bowers enters. She is well dressed, cheerful, and friendly.

MISS MORTON—(*Glancing up*) Hello, Nan. Sit down and excuse me for a minute, till I finish this report. (*She continues her writing. Mrs. Bowers walks restlessly about. Miss Morton continues writing for a moment or two, then puts her papers away and looks up at her friend smiling.*

MISS MORTON—Well, my dear, what's on your mind?

MRS. BOWERS—Mary, I'm in a jam! The Bergers have walked out on me.

MISS MORTON—The Bergers? Who are they?

MRS. BOWERS—Why, you know, Mary. They're the couple I've had on my place in Ferndell. And they've departed, leaving me high and dry. Some of the crops are not in yet,—and baby chicks and turkeys,—and everything. Oh, it's a fright!

MISS MORTON—Well, that is too bad.

MRS. BOWERS—(*Tragically*) *Too bad?* It's tragic! Mary, you've got to help me.

MISS MORTON—I? What can I do? I'm no farmer and his wife.

MRS. BOWERS—Don't be silly! Get me another couple! I've simply got to have some one out there tonight. There are the cows to milk, and chickens to feed. And tonight's my turn for the water.

MISS MORTON—Well, I don't know what I can do. I've never happened to have a farmer couple as clients yet.

MRS. BOWERS—Well, you're going to have some now. I don't care where you get them from. But get them.

MISS MORTON—What do you think I am? A magician? You can't expect me to pull farmers out of a hat like rabbits, you know.

MRS. BOWERS—That's exactly what I do expect you to do. Come on, Mary, be a sport. You know very well you can get any kind at any time. You've never failed yet. You just can't fail me now.

MISS MORTON—Oh, can't I? Well, just watch me. (*She closes her desk, takes her pocket book, puts on her hat*) It's closing time and I'm off for the evening. I wish I could help you, Nan. But really I can't this time.

(*Norma and Jimmy enter at this moment. They appear embarrassed and awkward. Norma has a cheap ring on the third finger of her left hand. She looks almost happy. Jimmy is less dejected than he was in the first scene. He has a slight air of bravado, mingled with his former spirit of defeat.*)

MISS MORTON—(*Pleasantly*) How do you do? What can I do for you?

JIMMY—(*Taking off his ragged hat. Diffidently.*) Some one told us to come to you for help. We're out of work and have no money.

MRS. BOWERS—(*Gesticulating frantically behind their backs, says with her lips,* Get them. They'll do. They're just what I want. *Then aloud*) I'm going to drive around a bit, Mary. I'll be back in fifteen minutes. I expect you to have everything fixed up for me by that time. (*Exit*).

MISS MORTON—(*Sitting down at her desk again. To Jimmy*) What is your name?

JIMMY—I'm James Duffin. This is my wife, Norma Duffin.

(*During the interview Miss Morton takes notes. Quite unobtrusively. Merely as if she were jotting down an occasional idea, and not putting her clients through an inquisition.*)

MISS MORTON—How long have you been married?

JIMMY—A little over an hour. Norma, show the lady our marriage certificate.

MISS MORTON—My name is Mary Morton. Most people call me Miss Mary. Suppose you sit down.

(*They sit on the bench. Miss Morton takes the certificate, looks at it, and returns it to Norma who replaces it in her pocket book.*)

MISS MORTON—Why did you get married when you had neither work nor money?

JIMMY—(*With an attempt at a smile*) We thought that as long as we had to be miserable, we might as well be happy about it. (*Pause*) We understood that the chances for getting work were better if we were married. And if we were married we could go on relief.

MISS MORTON—Do you want to go on relief?

JIMMY—No! I should say not! That's the last thing we do want to do, except die of hunger. We both thought we'd rather starve. But we discovered that's not so pleasant and heroic as it sounds. Not by a long shot.

MISS MORTON—What kind of work have you tried to get?

JIMMY—Everything from electrical engineering to street sweeping.

MISS MORTON—Have you had any experience in engineering?

JIMMY—(*growing somewhat belligerent and sullen under the questioning*) I graduated last year in electrical engineering. I was an honor student.

MISS MORTON—And you haven't been able to get anything along that line?

JIMMY—Not a tap.

MISS MORTON—That's strange. What kind of work have you had?

JIMMY—Just odd jobs. And then one month as dishwasher in a Chinese joint.

MISS MORTON—That wasn't permanent?

JIMMY—I should say not. I couldn't eat the food.

MISS MORTON—Even though it was free?

JIMMY—It wasn't free at that. It was charged up against me whether I ate or not.

NORMA—He lost twenty-five pounds while he was there.

MISS MORTON—I can imagine more pleasant ways of reducing. Aren't you working either, Norma?

NORMA—I haven't had anything for three months. I was companion to a lady, but she died. Her people didn't need me after that.

MISS MORTON—What were your duties?

NORMA—I read to her mostly. Answered her letters. Brushed her hair. Took care of her clothes. And made myself generally useful.

MISS MORTON—Have you tried to get another position?

NORMA—Yes, I've tried everything. But I'm not specially trained. And (*in confusion*) her relatives wouldn't give me a reference.

MISS MORTON—Why was that?

NORMA—They accused me of stealing Miss Goodwin's jewels.

MISS MORTON—Miss Abigail Goodwin of Fairview?

NORMA—Yes, Miss Morton.

MISS MORTON—Did Miss Goodwin think you had taken them?

NORMA—Oh no! It was after Miss Goodwin died. Miss Goodwin never would have suspected me. She would have known who took them.

MISS MORTON—Do you suspect some one?

(*During this part of the conversation, Jimmy sits staring into space.*)

NORMA—Yes, I do. But it wouldn't do any good to say anything. It would only make things worse.

MISS MORTON—That is probably true. But would you mind telling me?

NORMA—You're sort of a professional, aren't you? I guess it would be like telling things to your doctor or lawyer, wouldn't it?

MISS MORTON—Exactly, my dear. We have to know all about a case in order to give the most help. But we don't break confidences.

NORMA—Well, it will be a relief to tell some one and get it off my chest. I'm sure that Miss Goodwin's niece took them.

MISS MORTON—What makes you think that? Have you any grounds for your suspicion?

NORMA—Yes, but nothing that the family would believe. She took things of Miss Goodwin's several times. And her aunt knew it. She used to get awfully angry with Sally sometimes.

MISS MORTON—You can't prove your innocence?

NORMA—No. I have no proof except my word.

MISS MORTON—Did they prosecute you?

NORMA—(*Bitterly*) No. They said my conscience would make me suffer enough.

MISS MORTON—(*Sympathetically*) Not giving you a reference and accusing you of theft are quite a punishment. You are fortunate not to have permitted it to embitter you.

NORMA—Oh, but it has. Sometimes I feel desperate. But it does no good to rail against fate. I've tried to keep cheerful. But I'd certainly like to see Sally Goodwin suffer.

MISS MORTON—That's natural, I suppose. (*Turning to Jimmy*) Next to engineering what would you like to do?

JIMMY—(*Looks up startled. His thoughts are far away.*) I?—Oh,—I'd like to be a farmer.

MISS MORTON—(*Surprised. She suddenly remembers Mrs. Bowers.*) What! Are you a farmer?

JIMMY—No, Miss Morton. I've never been on a farm in my life. But I know I'd like it. I always used to mow the lawn at home.

MISS MORTON—(*Smiling*) It's a far cry from mowing a city lawn to mowing ten acres of hay, my son. But it's a grand idea. Do you think you could do the work? Farming's no child's play. (*Mrs. Bowers enters*) Hello, Nan. I was hoping you'd come back soon. I want you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Duffin. They want to go on a farm. Do you think you could accommodate them?

(Jimmy rises to his feet when Mrs. Bowers enters; and remains standing until she sits down, which she does now, suddenly.)

MRS. BOWERS—(*Astonished*) Why, yes, Houdini. I believe I can. (*Turning to Norma*) Don't you loathe people who don't believe in Santa Claus? I've always known there was one. (*To Jimmy*) I have a thirty acre place about twenty miles out. It is well equipped. There's a little three roomed shack on it and a few sticks of furniture. Are you a good farmer, young man?

JIMMY—(*Abashed*) No, Mrs. Bowers. I have never—

MISS MORTON—(*Interrupting*) No Nan. He knows less about farming than a baby. But he needs work, and he thinks he'd like farming.

MRS. BOWERS—Do you know how to milk?

JIMMY—A cow, do you mean?

NORMA—(*quoting a nonsense rhyme softly*)

"I never saw a Purple Cow
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

JIMMY—(*turning to her. Seriously*) Gosh! So would I. I never saw real cows but once. That was at a fair. There weren't any purple ones there. They were all kinds of yellowish brown. They were nice looking fellows. They had kind eyes.

MRS. BOWERS—(*Rather non-plussed*) Well, here's a pretty how-do-you-do. Can you ride?

JIMMY—A horse?

MRS. BOWERS—(*With good humored sarcasm*) What do you suppose I meant? A broom stick?

JIMMY—(*Embarrassed, but laughing a little with the others*) I rode a horse once, but not for long. He was a great, tall creature, with a neck like a giraffe. Some of the fellows at school were going for a ride and they got this nag for me. I was ashamed to tell them I'd never been on a horse. I knew they'd find out soon enough. I'll never forget how far away the ground looked. I managed to stay on till we came to a little stream, and that fool horse put his head down to drink. I went down that long neck and into the water before I knew what had happened.

(*They all laugh. Mrs. Bowers laughs until the tears come into her eyes. Jimmy laughs mildly at the recollection.*)

MRS. BOWERS—(*Wiping her eyes and struggling for breath*) A hot farmer you are, my boy. Do you think you would know which end of a horse to put in the shafts of a buggy?

JIMMY—(*pleasantly*) I think I'd point his head in the direction I wanted him to go. (*Then soberly*) Mrs. Bowers, I don't know the first thing about farming. But I've got to have work. I'm strong and willing to learn. Will you give me a try?

MRS. BOWERS—(*going to him, and patting him on the back*) That's the spirit I like to see, my boy! Sure I'll give you a try. And I know you'll make good. (*Turning to Norma*) How will you like farming, Mrs. Duffin?

NORMA—(*Eagerly*) Oh Mrs. Bowers, I'm sure I'll just love it!

MRS. BOWERS—You're in the infant class, too, are you? Well, I like you both. And you've got the right kind of stuff in you. Can you go out with me tonight?

NORMA AND JIMMY—(*together*) Yes. Right now, if you like.

MRS. BOWERS—Good! Let's get going then. Where's your luggage?

NORMA AND JIMMY—(*together*) I haven't any.

MRS. BOWERS—Come on then. I can lend you a few duds. So long, Mary. And thanks.

MISS MORTON—(*shaking hands all round.*) Goodby, Nan. Let me know how it goes. Goodby, Jimmy. Goodby, Norma. Best of luck to you both in your new ventures. I hope your honeymoon will last forever, and that you'll surprise even the optomistic Mrs. Bowers with your farming ability.

JIMMY—Goodby, Miss Morton. I can't thank you enough for this chance.

NORMA—Goodby, Miss Morton. Many thanks. I'll bring you a pound of butter when I learn how to make it.

(*Miss Morton stands smiling after them as they go out. The curtain falls.*)

SCENE 3

It is six months later. The curtain rises on the living room of the little house on Mrs. Bowers' farm. The room is plainly furnished, but is neat and clean. Fresh muslin curtains at the windows, a few pictures on the walls, a few potted plants or vases of flowers, books and magazines make the place look home-like and attractive. Three chairs, a small table, a couch, and a footstool complete the furnishings of the room. Norma is sitting by a window putting a patch on a clean pair of overalls. She is singing softly to herself. She looks well and happy. Six months of hard work, country air, and nourishing food have taken the lines from her face and restored the peace to her soul. A few moments after the curtain rises Jimmy enters, whistling. He is weary and shows the effects of farm labor. His face and hands and clothes are soiled. But he is smiling and happy.

JIMMY—Hello Honey. How's my girl?

NORMA—Best ever. Dinner's in the oven. It'll be ready before you are if you don't speed up. I filled the tub for your bath, and laid out your clean clothes.

JIMMY—Thanks, a lot, hon. I'll be seein' you. (*He disappears into the kitchen*).

NORMA—(*calling to him*) There's plenty of hot water in the teakettle and reservoir if you need more.

JIMMY—(*calling from other room*) This is fine as to temperature. It's space I need. To be really comfortable in this washtub I ought to weigh about a ton less and be able to fold up like a jack knife.

NORMA—Think of the times when you'd have been thankful for a wash tub.

JIMMY—Shall I ever forget! But I've graduated from the class of the great unwashed. I love my two daily baths.

NORMA—I hope not. (*Pause*) I'm going down to see if there's any mail. I think I heard the postman's whistle.

(*She goes out. Jimmy is heard whistling, talking, splashing, and moving about. He has not heard Norma leave the room.*)

JIMMY—(*calling*) Say, Norma, Mr. Davis wants me to help him with his wheat next week. And he's going to help me with our sunporch. How's that for luck? (*Then after a pause*) Oh say, Norma, how would you like to be a keeper of bees? Mr. Davis told me today that Mrs. Bowers wants him to get me interested in bee culture. You know, it's a funny thing. I've always had a longing to raise bees. So we're to have an apiary. Twelve hives. Think of that! Isn't that great? Mr. Davis is going to put me onto the ropes. And best of all, we're to share in the profits. (*Pause*) What's the matter? Are you struck dumb? It's a great life. I never worked so hard in my life and I was never so happy. We're on the up and up. Aren't we? (*Pause*) Hi, Norma! What's the matter? (*Jimmy comes into the living room. He is moist from his bath. He is combing his hair, which is wet.*) All alone? And that brilliant conversation wasted.

(*Norma enters. She has a farm journal and two letters. She hands one letter to Jimmy.*)

NORMA—A letter for you. And one for me, from Miss Mary. Shall I read it aloud?

(*Jimmy has opened his own letter and doesn't hear her, he is so engrossed in what he is reading.*)

NORMA—(*Opening her letter reads aloud*) My dear Norma:—The first thing I want to tell you is how happy I am at your success. You and Jimmy have both fulfilled my highest expectations. Mrs. Bowers is delighted with the way you are doing. She sings your praises constantly. My great piece of news, however, is even more gratifying. As I told you some time ago, I went to see the Goodwins. I went again the other day, and I mentioned you again. They seemed very much embarrassed, but no one said anything. Yesterday Sally came to see me. She made a clean breast of it. It was just as you thought. She had taken the jewels and pawned them to pay a debt. She redeemed them a short time ago. So of course the family knew all about it. She is truly sorry, I am sure. That clears you, my dear. I knew you were innocent, but it's nice to have every cloud banished. I think you'll see or hear from Sally soon. She asked for your address. Love to you both. Devotedly, your friend, Mary Morton. Isn't that great, Jimmy? (*No answer*) Jimmy! Wake up! Jimmy! Come to the party.

(*Jimmy has been reading his own letter. At first his face beams with pleasure. Then he glances anxiously at his wife. As she reads her letter, happy and unconscious of his perplexity, he sits and gazes into space until her calling him awakens his attention. He looks up suddenly and comes to himself with a start.*)

JIMMY—What did you say, darling?

NORMA—Oh Jimmy, shame on you. I read you my letter and you didn't hear one word I said.

JIMMY—I'm sorry, dear. I'm afraid I didn't. Tell me about it.

NORMA—Miss Mary says that Mrs. Bowers is delighted with us, and best of all Sally Goodwin has confessed about taking her aunt's jewels. And am I happy! Whom is your letter from? (*Jimmy doesn't answer. Norma opens the new magazine and looks through it. Jimmy stares into space*) If we don't turn out to be the best agriculturists in the community it won't be Mrs. Bowers fault. She certainly has a yen for sending all kinds of helpful literature to us. Here's a new one. (*Then noticing Jimmy's abstraction*) What's the matter, darling? Anything wrong?

(*Jimmy gets up impulsively, comes over to her side and sits down on the footstool, leaning against her.*)

JIMMY—(*Soberly*) Norma, we've been happy, haven't we?

NORMA—(*Anxiously*) Why of course, darling. Jimmy, what's the matter?

JIMMY—(*Gravely*) Norma dearest, I've got to tell you something. But first, say that you love me.

NORMA—(*Tenderly stroking his hair*) Of course, my dear. So much that sometimes I'm afraid of being so happy.

JIMMY—(*Kisses her hand and holds it tightly in his own while he talks*) Norma, you remember the day we were married I told you I'd found that five dollars?

NORMA—Yes dear.

JIMMY—(*with an effort*) Well,—I didn't find it. I stole it.

NORMA—(*faintly*) I—you—

JIMMY—(*Interrupting her*) Don't speak yet, dear. Let me explain. I was desperate. I was so hungry I picked up a raw potato on the

street and ate it dirt and all. I passed a hot dog stand on my way to meet you. All in a second I decided that I had to eat. I knew I couldn't pay for it, but I didn't care. I went up and ordered a dog and a glass of milk. While the man was fixing it for me, the man next to me laid down a five dollar bill to pay for what he'd had. Just then a fire siren shrieked, and everybody turned to look down the street. I grabbed the bill and beat it. In the confusion I got away. Oh Norma, I've suffered tortures since then. I wanted to tell you, but have been afraid of losing your love. I'm so sorry and ashamed. Can you forgive me and love me still? (*He buries his face against her arm. She strokes his head softly, but remains silent. Jimmy raises his head in a moment or two and looks at her greatly distressed*) Norma darling, please don't think I'm a thief. I'm not. That's the only thing I ever took in my life.

NORMA—(*Slowly, and with an effort*) No Jimmy, you're no more guilty than I am. I believe I knew that you had stolen that money. And I believe I was glad, although if you had told me I probably would have pretended to be shocked. At that moment I was so low myself that it seemed almost right. We were in such desperate need.

JIMMY—(*After a long silence*) I want to tell you now, Norma, what a narrow escape you had from marrying a criminal. No one ever came nearer becoming one than I did that day. I had fully determined, after I took that money, that I would use my wits and get what I wanted no matter by what means.

NORMA—I know just how you felt. I was fighting hard to keep from feeling the same way. It seemed to me that all of a sudden my ideals were slipping. For the time being I seemed to forget that life means so much more than food and shelter.

JIMMY—It was this lovely farm that saved me. I don't believe that even marrying you would have done the trick. I was justifying myself that we both had a right to live. (*Pause*) But getting back to nature! It's been wonderful!

NORMA—I don't think any one could be bad who loved nature as we do.

JIMMY—I know I'm a different man. Darling, you married a potential criminal, and look at me now.

NORMA—(*Fondly*) Now you're a potential farmer, and the world's best husband.

JIMMY—(*Puffing out his chest proudly*) You're telling me! (*Then seriously*) Norma, I can never be grateful enough to my Heavenly Father for this chance. Do you remember what I said that day about His not being fatherly? I rejected Him. I'm glad He didn't take me at my word and cast me off.

NORMA—That's one thing God never does is to punish His children for foolish remarks. I think He seldom takes people at their word. And didn't Miss Morton and Mrs. Bowers come on the scene in the nick of time? That day was the turning point in our lives. We can see that now.

JIMMY—Will you ever forget the night we came out here? After the

chores were done and Mrs. Bowers had left us, and we stood alone gazing at the friendly stars?

NORMA—I never could forget. Didn't the stars seem kind, twinkling down at us? The peace of the night seemed like a benediction. I thought of what you had said about God not caring. I felt, as we stood there in the soft stillness of the night, that He had sent us home to a kind and understanding mother, who enveloped us in her tender arms. It was so unbelievably sweet and peaceful that I had a little weep all by myself.

JIMMY—I know. Your tears dropped on my hand. I wanted to tell you then about the money, but I was afraid to break the spell.

NORMA—It's a good thing perhaps that we didn't have any confessions that night. We didn't know nor love each other then as we do now.

JIMMY—This getting close to nature and your love have done wonders for me.

NORMA—And work, Jimmy. Don't forget how much that has done too.

JIMMY—Sure. Don't I know it! Hard work, and the feel of the soil, and the fresh air, and the stars at night! It's wonderful what it does to a fellow.

NORMA—I don't know which I love better the sunrise or the sunset. But I know I love the stars best of all. I grow calm and happy and safe just gazing at them.

JIMMY—(*Abruptly*) Oh say, I want to read you the letter I got. I didn't tell you, but Mr. Davis gave me five dollars a while ago for some work I did for him. I sent it to the man at the hot dog stand, telling him to give it back to the owner if he knew who he was. If not, to use it to feed other poor wanderers like me. I hadn't heard from him for so long I thought he hadn't got my letter or had kept the money himself. (*Opens letter and reads*) 'Dear Sir; yours of 9th. inst. received. Mr. Amos Smith was the man you stole the money from. I seen you take it and run. I told Mr. Smith, and says to him I'd ketch you, but he says, 'No, leave him be. I guess the pore boy needs it.' That's the kind of a guy he is, see? He was glad you sent it back, for he didn't like to think you was a crook. He give the money to me as you said—to feed other hungry guys. Many thanks from Mr. Smith and your humble servant, Bill Brown.'

NORMA—(*with a happy sigh*) That's all that was necessary to make this day perfect. And the future gloriously bright. Lovely nature, a clear conscience, our love, work, faith, and hope.

JIMMY—(*Tenderly putting his arm around her*) Right you are! With that combination—well—how could we lose?

The Curtain Falls

Not Bread Alone

By Elsie C. Carroll

IX

FOR months the dark shadow of misunderstanding and suspicion had lain between Henry and Linda Bowers, threatening always to rear its devastating form and wreck their lives. Since that night of Eddie's homecoming when Kathie had drawn Thad's attention to the way Melville was looking at Linda, and Henry had heard—and seen, Linda had known only wretchedness.

Henry had stirred in his chair and had looked at Linda; but when she had smiled at him, he only stared as though he had never seen her before. She was impatient for their guests to leave and for the children to get to bed. It would be a relief to have that ugly situation out in the open, now, once and for all. She had no doubt that Henry would be upset, but that he would fail to understand or believe her, never entered her mind. She had tried to spare him because Mel was his once idolized brother. In no way was she prepared for what happened.

When she had finished the last little household duty preparatory for the next morning, she had gone to their room, expecting that as usual he would be preparing for bed. But he was not in the room. She went back to the living room. Perhaps he had gone to glance through the paper. But the room was dark and empty. Then she saw him through the window in the moonlight, standing under the Russian olive tree.

She hurried out to him.

"I thought you had gone to bed." Her own voice sounded unnatural. She slipped her hand through his arm and laid her cheek against his sleeve. But he did not respond with his usual caress. He stood cold and still, and she knew he was suffering.

"Henry, what is the matter?" She found it hard to bring the subject into the open without his help.

He said nothing, but stood looking over her head into the night. Then she could bear it no longer. She threw her arms around him and spoke rapidly, tears choking her.

"It's what Kathie whispered to Thad, isn't it? Oh Henry I've wanted to tell you—for years. It has almost killed me not to. But I was afraid—you—" He cut her short, his voice so cold and hard she would not have known it.

"Then you admit it's true! You've been looking at each other like that before us all—for years—and me such a blind fool I didn't know. And it hasn't been just looks—God! how far?—the money he's been letting us have—that for Eddie—His staying here after he sold—His never marrying—My God, I can't bear it!" He had flung her arms from him and was pacing up and down the lawn. At first Linda was so stunned she could not speak. She could not move. Henry thought she loved Mel—that she was untrue to *him*. She felt that her whole world was crashing about her.

Then she went to him and poured out the whole story from that first bold glance his brother had given her. She tried to explain that some-

how Mel's feelings were different now, and that she felt pity instead of her old loathing. She tried to make him understand why she hadn't told him before, and begged him to understand and believe her.

But the man to whom she talked was no longer the Henry she knew.

He berated himself for an idiot not to have known he could never compete with Mel even in the love of a woman. Of course she wanted a successful man, one who could give her the things she craved. He told her she could have her freedom and marry Mel. He would not stand in the way.

Not until she begged him to think of the children did he even seem to hear a word she said. Then he stopped talking for a moment and finally said,

"Go in the house. I can't bear any more. I've got to think."

LINDA had crept into her room, wondering that she could still breathe and move after what she had suffered. There she had lain through the hours until dawn, sometimes weeping, sometimes staring helplessly into the darkness.

When she heared the children stirring she changed her clothes, went out and bathed her face, and began to prepare breakfast. Just before the meal was ready she saw Henry coming from the direction of the store. He came in and spoke to the children as though nothing had happened. Linda didn't look into his eyes, but she saw that his face was as haggard as her own.

They sat down to the table and the meal began. The children were so busy with their own chatter that it was not until the meal was nearly over that Mark looked at Linda and said,

"Are you sick, Mommy? You look so white and you're not eating."

"No, dear. I'm all right," she answered, lifting her glass of milk to her lips to hide their quivering.

THAT meal set the trend their lives were to follow in the weeks afterward. Linda understood that Henry wanted to shield the children from knowing what he thought was true. He never looked directly at her, and spoke to her only when necessary. But from the outside, their relations were as usual.

The first night after the others had gone to bed, Linda hoped, she could now make him listen to her and believe the truth.

But the moment they were left alone he said quite casually,

"I'll sleep on the couch down in the book nook. It will be safer to have someone there now the store is so far away, and then some one might come by needing gas or oil."

"Oh, Henry—" she had started to plead, but he had gone out and quietly closed the door.

And so they had gone on, no one realizing the tragedy they were living.

Eddie and Grace went away. Jenny left for her geological trip.

When the children learned that their father was sleeping at the store, Mark had protested.

"Why, I'll do that, Dad. It would be fun."

"No, I'll keep on," Henry had said with finality and had quickly diverted the boy's attention.

LINDA went on with her regular routines—supervising the store, giving music lessons, playing in the church for the regular services and for funerals—and trying to keep up the old free happy atmosphere of

the home. But the strain was too much. She was losing weight. The children were constantly asking if she were well. She knew things couldn't go on as they were. But she didn't know what to do. She had thought of going to Mel and begging him to talk to Henry. But she feared this might only result in some unspeakable tragedy. In dark moods such as Henry was suffering now, she didn't know what he might do.

ONE day in July a letter came informing Richard that he had won second prize in the music contest. The first prize was five hundred dollars in cash. The second, a scholarship to the Julliard School of music in New York City.

Linda was surprised over the little elation she felt. She had ceased to feel anything keenly but her own wretchedness. Ordinarily she would have begun at once to make it possible for the boy to take advantage of the unusual opportunity. But she only said,

"It's wonderful, son. It shows what you can do and should be an incentive for you to keep working even though you can't go."

"Can't go?" Richard hadn't doubted that some way would be provided for him to accept the scholarship.

"I don't see how you can, dear. This scholarship is just for tuition in the school. There'd be your trip to New York, your living expenses. They were eating the mid-day meal. Linda lowered her eyes to her plate to keep from seeing her son's disappointment.

"Why don't you ask uncle Mel to let you have the money?" Bonny asked. "He's rich, if we aren't, and he let us have money to build the store and fix up the house, and he's going to let Jenny have some to go to school some more."

Both Henry and Linda opened their lips to speak. Then without looking at each other, they both closed them again.

"That's what I'll do." Richard was gone from the table like a flash, his letter in his hand.

He was back just as the others were getting up from the table.

"I'm going, Mommy! I'm going, Daddy! He says I don't even need to pay the money back. Good old Uncle Mel!"

"And I used to think he was an old grouch," said Mark. "Bonny what can we think of to ask him for some money for."

Henry went quickly from the room. Linda saw him later sitting on a bench beside the gas tank, his shoulders slumped and his head down.

A FEW days before Richard was to leave, Linda was awakened early one morning by someone calling at her bedroom window.

"Henry! Linda!" It was Mel's voice.

"What's the matter?"

"It's mother. You'd better hurry. She's about gone." Mel was running back up the street.

Linda dressed hurriedly and went to the store to call Henry. The old lady had been failing fast for weeks; but even so, Mel's news was a shock.

She started to tell Henry that she would go on ahead, but checked herself and said,

"I'll have to leave some instructions for the children, but will come in a few minutes."

When she arrived it was almost over. Effie had gone sobbing from the room. Mel and Henry stood on

opposite sides of the bed. Thad and Kathie were not yet there.

Linda stood watching the last struggles of the faded, wasted little form of the woman she had tried to love. She thought of the peace that is thought to come with death. Suddenly she envied Mrs. Bowers that peace. She wished that she too could be lying with the heartaches of life all over. As she stood at the foot of the bed, letting such thoughts flow through her mind, she felt herself growing dizzy, and the room becoming dark. She made no effort to cling to consciousness. Perhaps if she let herself go, she, too, could die.

She felt herself swaying. She heard Mel cry, "She's fainting!" She realized vaguely that both men started toward her; then that they both drew back, as she fell to the floor, striking her head on the corner of the dresser. Then everything went black.

LINDA opened her eyes and lay staring at the white ceiling. She had a queer sense that she had been a long way off and hadn't yet got back. She wasn't sure where she was, nor how she got there, nor what that was on her head. She stirred a little and a strange figure in white bent over her.

"What's happened? Where am I?" Linda's voice sounded strange and far away. She could see sunlight streaming through yellow curtains and could smell flowers.

"You have been ill," the white person said. "You are better now but you mustn't talk until you are stronger."

A door opened and someone who looked like Henry but was different came and knelt by her bed. He was kissing her hands and she could feel warm tears falling over them. Something like that had happened once before—long—long ago when Eddie was born. She tried to think how long ago it was, but the effort was too great; so she closed her eyes and let herself float away on the perfume coming somewhere from flowers.

THE next time she opened her eyes she knew it was morning and that she was in her own room. She thought she must get up and begin the day's work. But when she stirred that white figure was bending over her again. Now she knew it was a nurse.

"You're much, much better today. See if you can take a little of this broth." A glass tube was placed between Linda's lips and she sipped slowly.

"Presently Henry was there beside her again, and Jenny Lind and Eddie.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "I thought you had gone." They looked so serious as if they wanted to cry.

"You've been sick, sweetheart," Henry said. "But now you'll soon be well again—thank—God." He turned away and walked to the window. Linda knew he was wiping his eyes and she wanted to comfort him. But she was so tired.

The other children came in. Bonny reached out and patted her hair and Mark brought a rose from a vase on the dresser and laid it on her pillow. She smiled at them, but she was too tired to talk.

AT last she awoke with her mind clear and she began to piece together the things that had puzzled her. She remembered standing at the foot of the bed watching Henry's mother die. She remembered wishing that she herself might die, and

thinking that perhaps if she tried she might.

Why had she wanted to die? Her mind groped for a moment, then it all came back. Henry thought she loved Mel. She uttered a little moan as she recalled what she had suffered.

Henry bent over her. She looked searchingly into his face to make sure the old light of love was in his eyes. Perhaps the other had all been a horrible dream.

"Darling," she whispered and he kissed her lips.

Gradually she grew stronger and learned that she had been in bed for weeks with a raging fever. The gash in her head was healed and a little color was coming back to her face. She learned that the day Mrs. Bowers was buried, the doctor from Mendon had said there was no hope for Linda and the children who had come for their grandmothers funeral had stayed. For days she had barely held her own, and then gradually she had begun to come back.

Jenny Lind had given up her trip. Eddie had arranged for a substitute. Richard had postponed his going to New York. Effie had taken over the management of the house. Everyone in Cedar Basin had come to offer help and had kept her room filled with the flowers she had taught them to love. Linda was overwhelmed with all this devotion. And to think, she reproved herself, that she had wanted, had tried to die.

IT was not until she was able to be up a little while each day and sit in the sun by the window, that Henry told her what he knew she was wanting to know.

He sat on the low chair beside her and held her wasted, blue-veined hands.

"Linda, I know you have forgiven me, but I want to hear you say it."

She lifted his hand to her cheek.

"Henry, I *love* you, and there is no question of *forgiveness* between people who love. But I'd like you to tell me, if you can, how you came to know the truth."

A spasm of suffering crossed his face.

"You told it to me over and over, sweetheart, during those awful days of your fever. I can't forgive myself for what you suffered. But before that Mel made me understand. After we let you fall there between us and thought perhaps we had killed you with that ghastly wound in your temple, he turned on me and showed me what a blind brute I'd been. He told me the whole story just as you had done, not sparing himself one bit—and glorifying you, darling, for he revealed how love for a good woman can transform mere physical passion to something holy. He will always love you, Linda, but his love is clean and sanctified now. It has made a big man of him, a bigger man than I can ever hope to be."

"Where is he, Henry?"

"He has gone away to travel. We may never see him again, but if we do there will need be no fear. You said you were sorry for him. So am I, and I'm proud of a brother so much bigger than I could be in the same situation. He might have fought for you Linda, and he *should* have won. After all I made you suffer, it wouldn't have been strange if you had turned from me."

"Silly boy." She leaned against him and sighed contentedly.

"I hope Mel finds life—and I hope like us, that he finds more than the bread of life."

The End

What Knowledge is of Most Worth?

By Eleanor S. Muir

THE most precious thing in life is our knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness, and the wisdom to apply that knowledge to our individual lives.

However, by saying a knowledge of the everlasting Gospel is the knowledge of most worth, does not mean that we believe in seeking it alone to the exclusion of all other forms and varieties of knowledge. On the contrary, the Church encourages us to seek after all worthy intellectual development. Under the light of what we have learned the Gospel will bear close examination of its doctrines. And the more highly trained we become, the more we will appreciate its depth, beauty and meaning and the reason why it includes all truth.

The most vital part of our being is the eternal spirit. Therefore, spiritual development is the most important phase of our process of growth, and this enlightenment comes only through a knowledge of spiritual things. A man is not truly educated if he lacks spiritual knowledge. Religious education is not something added to education, nor something apart from it, it is a definite quality of education. So it is a knowledge of the Gospel that provides us this important portion of our development.

MAN lives in an atmosphere of materialism. So great is the attraction of this glamorous civilization that little real thinking is done face to face with great spiritual issues. Many have so limited their capacities for experience on the higher levels that they are unable to discern the things of God. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." Mark 8:36-37. Only the spiritually alive are aware of Him in whom we all live and have our being.

A man becomes a great musician, artist, or scientist only as he cultivates his capacities for experience in these things. Likewise in the matter of religious and spiritual knowledge. It comes to people who have developed their capacities for these things.

Spiritual experience cannot be bought and it has no equivalent. It is won as a prize for moral achievement. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us, the pure in heart can see God; that is a form of experience which riches or material power do not have access to.

INASMUCH as man lives in a world of material things it is impossible, even if it were desirable, for him to withdraw his whole attention from them. Is it not experience of a material environment for which we came here? How wonderful it is to have a knowledge which recognizes not only the spiritual side of life, but also the temporal side.

From the earliest history of the Church, the temporal welfare of its people have been closely connected with their spiritual development. Such characteristics as the Word of Wisdom, our non-professional Priesthood and tithing, bear record of this connection.

Our wonderful missionary system necessitates great sacrifice on the

part of the missionary and the supporting home, a sacrifice that could only be made through a complete and sympathetic understanding of the restored Gospel.

That the organization abounds in facilities to reach man in every walk of life, to develop him spiritually, intellectually, morally and physically is unquestioned.

It is obvious that our superior knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, together with our Church system, creates for us the highest, most expansive ground upon which to intensify our spiritual personalities and live more abundantly and gain exaltation. It is truly the knowledge of most worth.

Seated in center, President Laura W. Salzner, standing back of her are her counselors and secretary, at her right Sister Max Zimmer, President Y. W. M. I. A. with her counselors and secretary. At Sister Salzner's left is Helen Salzner, President Primary and her counselors and secretary

A Thanksgiving Radio Message

*By Sinah B. Reid**

THANKSGIVING Day is drawing near. It is natural that our thoughts revert to 1620, when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. After they had sown and garnered a fruitful harvest they met together and gave thanks to God for His blessings to them; for the bounties of the earth, of the forest and of the streams.

The last Thursday in November has been designated by our President as an annual holiday for the people to meet and give thanks and to remind men and women that they are dependent, not alone upon their own strength and power, but to the Supreme God who, in His tender mercy, sends the snow and rain in its season to moisten and nurture the earth and commands the sun to shine and ripen the fruits of the vine and the waving fields of wheat and corn. This inspiration came to me. Why not send a radio message to the many gifted poets and authors who have passed on but have left to us such a rich legacy—not in silver or gold, but in sublime thoughts and choice words which are "sweet tones of the heart."

Let us talk to Nathaniel Hawthorne, as he was one of the first descendants of those illustrious Pilgrims to climb the ladder of literary fame.

Mr. Hawthorne, we are sending you a Thanksgiving greeting. Please accept our gratitude for the rich legacy you left us and generations yet unborn. The knowledge that revenge withers all it breathes upon; that the sinner is not lost, but that through repentance and goodly deeds becomes glorified, as in the character of the repentant Esther.

Give greetings to Mr. Emerson, who left us a task to perform, to unlock the caskets and speak to the many friends in libraries "who are imprisoned in leather and paper boxes and who have been waiting many, many years—two, ten and twenty centuries. They are eager to give us a sign and unbosom themselves, but it is the law they cannot speak until spoken to." Tell him we have discharged the duties, turned back the covers and are making friends of the characters enclosed therein.

In your visits to and fro you have surely met William Shakespeare, for "intelligence seeks intelligence." Inform him that as the centuries pass, his literary star shines more resplendent. King Lear has never been approached, while Portia stands alone as an example of womanly beauty and wifely devotion. The library doors are open and his characters are speaking to the world.

In company with him you will find Tennyson and Wordsworth, who brought solace to our hearts and made happier the days of our setting sun. Tennyson made the end of our earthly journey more clear by his "Crossing the Bar," "for though from out the bourne of time and

*The resourceful teacher may adapt her lesson to the time when it is given or may introduce some delightful innovation to take her class back over many lessons. Sister Reid of the 16th Ward of Salt Lake Stake combined such a backward glance with the spirit of Thanksgiving Day, in the following radio talk.

place, the flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar."

Wordsworth completed our ancestral chain. "Not in entire forgetfulness, not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home."

If it so be that in boundless space there shall be Scottish clans, just carry a message to Sir Walter Scott. The rich pageantry he left behind has enabled us in fancy to visit his native heath, Scotland; to feast upon the grandeur of her forests, lakes and streams; to scent the fragrance of her violets and sense the mysticism of her wishing well and listen in awe to the voice of God as He speaks in the "thunder and the lightning."

In communion with Scott you will find Robert Burns. We bless his name for the gifts he left: "An honest man is the noblest work of God." A divine light is shed upon the family group as, with seraphic fire, he reads again to us the words of him who was upon the Isle of Patmos cast.

Among your own Pilgrim group, give greetings to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The music of his Hiawatha and Git-che-gu-ma—Oh, how it has enriched our children's lives. And we, while listening to their childish recitals of Na-ko-mis, have supped the sweets of Indian lore. We understood the whispering of the winds through the forests, listened to music of the falls of Minnetonka and sensed the legend of the waving corn fields, while his Evangeline and Gabriel are as a sweet benediction.

Today we were with Whittier, shaking hands anew with friends in "Snowbound." No shut in walls are drear, nor ice nor snow drifts deep, with thoughts sublime, like those he left behind, a priceless heritage for us to keep. He was as humble and as pure as the snow he immortalized.

Oh, there are so many we would send a message to, but radio time is limited. But one we must remember for while he tarried here on earth he made us all so happy. Tell him that the old Mississippi just keeps rolling and rolling along. And as time passes on at a rapid pace, the people love him more, regardless of their color or race. When the moon is high and the river low and the tugboats are tossing to and fro, above the steamboat's whistle and the negro mirth within, is the rhythm of the river, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

With him you'll meet Bret Harte, who is likely aware of the fact that man has become very clever since he left us. So much so that he sails the sky and speeds over the ground. The high Sierras are a playground the year round. Many of us have visited Poker Flat. While viewing the scene, we thought of him who touched the human chords of charity, while he so vividly portrayed the weaknesses of the flesh and the bigotry of man.

My radio time has come to a close, so good bye, Mr. Hawthorne, and a pleasant Thanksgiving to you.

Gaily We Do Our Work

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

DO you ever hear such wails as these?

"Mother, it's her turn to wash the dishes. I did them last night."

"I always get the hardest jobs. It just isn't fair!"

"Make him help me, Mother, he never does anything."

There is an old saying, "There is a remedy for everything under the sun." This home malady is no exception. The plan suggested here has been tried out and has proved successful. It is very simple and well worth trying.

This is the way we changed black looks, tears, and grumbling, to smiles and singing in our home. We divided the household tasks, which were expected of the children, into equal groups, and listed each group on a neat card. The cards were numbered 1 and 2. (There are only two children old enough to participate in this plan in our home.)

(Front of card No. 1)

1. Clean up my own room.
2. Dust the front room.
3. Sweep the front porch.
4. Wipe the supper dishes.

(Front of card No. 2)

1. Clean up my own room.
2. Clean up the bath room.
3. Dust the dining room.
4. Sweep the back porch.

The back of each card is a score card for each child. It can be ruled to look like this:

Jane

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
Job							
1							
2							
3							
4							

Nancy

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
Job							
1							
2							
3							
4							

Jane takes card No. 1 for a week, and Nancy takes card No. 2. As each task is completed each day, Nancy checks it off on the back of her card, and Jane does the same on her card, as she completes her tasks. Of course, each child should be encouraged to try for a perfect record the first week. The next week the cards are exchanged, and then each child is trying ot make as good a record as was made on the card the previous week.

The list of tasks will largely depend upon the season. During the school year children cannot do as much in the morning as they can in the summer. It is wise to divide the work so that not too much is expected at one time.

It is surprising how much little hands can do to help Mother and still not be over worked. If managed in the right way, work is real fun.

This plan can be carried a little farther, if the mother is very conscientious. After each task is completed, inspect the job and award the worker with:

1 point (on the card) if the task is poorly done.

2 points if done fairly well.

3 points if done exceptionally well.

At the end of the week, add up the score each child has made, and award the one with the highest score with some little consideration. If you give your children a regular weekly allowance, a little extra could be given to the one making the highest score. This is a decided encouragement toward doing their best. Of course, it requires absolute honesty and good judgment on the part of the mother.

There are a few things mothers must remember in putting such a system to work.

1. Don't expect a child to do impossible things. Make the array of jobs within the ability of the children.

2. Take time to teach them to do each job thoroughly and in the right way. They will take pride in work well done.

3. Don't nag or scold about doing the work, or all the joy and fun will be taken out of the plan, and then it will not work.

4. Let the children feel that they are sharing in the responsibility of the home. Children thrive on moderate responsibility, and are made dependable by being trusted.

5. Help each child to find joy in what he does. Let them feel that this is sort of a game. There is no reason why we should not have fun in doing the menial tasks of life. By all means, do not let them feel or know that you are using this plan to keep them from quarreling or to get them to do something.

6. If Nancy takes longer to do her work than Jane takes, let her take longer. We are not all made in the same pattern, nor can we all move at the same rate of speed.

MENTIONING the weekly allowance brings up another important point. Do you give your children a small weekly allowance? It is a splendid way to make children feel a responsibility in helping in the home. Often a weekly allowance, dependent upon performance of certain regular jobs in the home, is all that is necessary to stop bickering and fussing over doing little tasks. An allowance, small though it may be, gives a child a feeling of wholesome responsibility. As a parent, it is your duty to help your children learn to bear responsibility while they are young, if you would make worthy citizens of them.

Are you one of those parents who take the attitude that your children should help in the home to help pay for their food and clothes? Perhaps you are right, but child nature does not reason that way. "Dad gets paid for what he does, so why shouldn't I?" They may not say it in so many words, but compensate a lazy child and see how readily he responds to responsibility.

Let me stress, it is not the amount of the allowance which counts—it is the feeling that he has earned it himself. In fact, it is wise not to make the allowance too large at first, or the demand will be greater than the supply as the age of the child increases.

One family with two little girls of five and seven, and a baby boy of three carries this plan out beautifully. The girls have definite daily jobs to do. On Saturday night, Daddy makes quite an affair of giving them their weekly allowance, if they

have been faithful in performing these tasks all week. The older one receives ten cents, the younger one five cents, and little brother receives a shiny penny for having run errands around the house, and for learning to dress himself. Again I say: It isn't the amount of money which counts—it is the glorious feeling that they have honestly earned something which really belongs to them.

These children in this family practically never ask for money to buy candy or such things. They always have a little money tucked away in their personal drawer; they have earned it, and they feel a decided responsibility in spending it wisely.

Parents should teach their children, early in life, that Dad's pocket, and Mother's purse are not veritable Aladdin's lamps—that money only comes as a compensation for honest work and effort. Children who learn to take their share of responsibility, and who learn how to earn money and spend it wisely will seldom go far wrong. The place to get their first experience in both these lessons is in the home.

MAGAZINE DRIVE

WARD	STAKE	Enroll.	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Arcadia	Duchesne	20	18	90	Rose D. Gilbert
Bancroft	Idaho	44	52	118	Zetta Ormond
Bridgeland	Duchesne	32	30	94	Pearl Meachem
Duchesne	Duchesne	42	34	81	Minnie Wheeler
Grand Forks, North Dakota	No. Central States Mission	8	10	125	Lottie Leheu
Oak City	Deseret	63	47	75	Rachel Roper
Ogden Third	North Weber	81	61	75	Isabell T. Hill
Pershing	Alberta	9	9	100	Lillia Welch
Pine River Branch	Western States	10	10	100	Iona J. Black
Slaterville	North Weber	30	31	103	Sylvia Knight
Sterling	Blackfoot	18	18	100	Annie Nelson
Tabona	Duchesne	15	12	80	Minnie Le Fevre
Toponce	Idaho	14	11	79	Elva Call
Taylorsville	Alberta	20	20	100	Rose Lowry
Union	Union	40	45	113	Rose Kofford
	Duchesne	313	155	50	Eliza J. Gilbert
	Burley	480	289	60	Mrs. T. Barlow

(This ward has gone up from 7 per cent to 113 per cent since the drive.)

Since the report published in the December magazine we have received the above reports. We do not expect to publish another list until after the next drive.

God's Hand Doth Guide

By Mary P. Thorley

A COMPANY of exiles, men and women of culture and refinement, outcasts from civilization, forced to leave their garden spots, their orchards, public halls, their lovely homes, some of which were already in flames, and their magnificent Temple, were fleeing from beautiful Nauvoo, taking with them what little of their substance could be packed into two or three wagons, fleeing from hostile mobs, journeying desertward to seek a haven of rest among the more tender hearted savages of the wilderness

In this company were Edward Gale, his frail young wife, Margaret and Ralph, their two year old son.

Bitter cold weather ensued, several members of the company lay sick, some dying from exposure and lack of care, but even this pitiable condition did not move the hearts of the cruel mobs of Illinois as they forced the exiles across the Mississippi River.

A temporary camp was made that cold February night and under the rude shelter of a hut, while cutting winds blew and snow fell, Ruth Gale was born. After a few days of rest and the toilsome journey was resumed.

Miles and miles they trod, until days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months. They toiled on, weary and footsore, scantily clothed, oftentimes hungry, they climbed mountains, waded streams, while at times they were discouraged and despondent, they were constantly cheered and strengthened by their noble leader. President Brigham Young asked William Clayton to write something that would help and encourage them. "Come, Come Ye Saints" was written and gave them hope and renewed faith; a hymn that was and ever will be a source of inspiration and comfort to its people.

Salt Lake Valley was reached, the place where President Young had gazed in silence for a few moments and then exclaimed, "This is the Place." Still rich in their faith in God, finding solace in prayer, singing songs of praise to their Creator, they had reached the promised land, a resting place for their weary feet, where they could fulfill the predictions of the Prophet Joseph Smith and become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.

EIGHTEEN years had gone by; the little city of Beverly, tucked away in the heart of the hills, with its beautiful homes, its public buildings, its broad streets, which had been laid out by President Brigham Young, and the promise given its settlers that if they would keep the Sabbath day holy, pay their tithes and offerings, be prayerful, be thrifty and helpful to each other, and keep God's commandments at all times, the desert would in time blossom as the rose. Tonight the little city was a garden. It's towering trees, its lawns and lovely flowers made it in the gathering twilight beautiful to behold and the abode of peace.

The Gale home was a happy place, its four occupants were bound by ties of love and service. Ruth was beautiful, talented, good, the queen of the little realm in which she lived, the pride of her loving parents and brother and a favorite with all who knew her. Kissing her lovingly her

father repeatedly said, "Our ray of sunshine, sent to make our home a paradise."

The Gospel had been taught and lived in the Gale home in all its truth and beauty and many, many evenings the young people of the town gathered there to listen to pioneer stories, sing songs and hymns and enjoy its spiritual atmosphere.

Evening time brought John Benton, Ruth's lover, tall, manly, clean; the type of man the world needs. John was twenty years of age, stalwart and dependable, fatherless since he was fourteen, but with the help of his frail, little mother he had completed high school and for the present given up his dream of College that he might take care of the farm. There was a happy evening in that dear old home just as many previous ones had been. Ruth and John had been sweethearts since the time they were kiddies in grade school and Ruth had always claimed him as her lover. He had asked her to be his wife and even though she had dreamed many times of their future together, at present she was undecided.

Frequently of late she had met Roy Montaine, a New Yorker, he told her of the wonders of that big city, of her wasted life in such a small town, of her beauty and what she might accomplish with her talents were she to abandon all this. Ruth loved the little city and the people in it, and every one loved her. She loved her humble home where she had spent so many happy hours; she loved her parents who had sacrificed so much for her but the picture painted by Roy Montaine was beautiful and she longed for new experiences, for the thrills, the bright lights of New York could give. Montaine called at her home a number of times; her parents were anxious about her. There was a sad look on John Benton's face when she told him how dearly she loved him but asked him to wait until she was more sure of her decision.

The evening twilight was settling over Beverly hills when Roy Montaine called to take Ruth for a drive, she was infatuated, thrilled with his words of love as she looked into his handsome yet cynical face. Clasping her in his arms he told her she belonged to him and begged her to go with him. In the thrill of his passionate kisses she wrote a note to her parents, her brother and John. "Forgive me, dear ones, I'm going to marry Roy Montaine. I know I will be happy, Ruth." Then she was gone. There was a saddened home and heavy hearts when she failed to return.

THE news that Ruth had gone spread like wild fire and brought sorrow and heartache to every home in Beverly. "Why had it happened! How could Ruth do it, surrounded as she was by such love and devotion? Would she be happy? A hundred other questions were asked as families gathered that evening around their hearthstones. Baby lips lisped her name in prayer and in every home in that little village in evening devotion they prayed that God would guard her.

Father and mother Gale, bowed and heart-broken could only clasp each others hands and murmur a silent prayer. Ralph sobbed as if his young heart would break.

John Benton aged years during that first long night after the news came to him. Early next morning Bishop Rae called at his home. Clasping John's hand and that of his mother he said, "God bless you, my boy, this is a sad blow to all of us. We'd like you to go into the mission field, we'll see that this pre-

cious mother is well taken care of." The plan was discussed as they sat around the breakfast table and in one week John was on the way to the North Eastern States mission.

THE miles sped by while Montaine continued to tell Ruth of his love; after an all night drive she rested at a hotel while Montaine attended to some business affair. Returning with three strangers a hurried marriage ceremony was performed and in one short week Ruth found herself in gay New York. The apartment to which she was taken was elaborate; she was showered with beautiful gowns and jewels and her every wish was granted. Their evenings were spent at theaters and concert halls; there was so much to see, so much that was strange and wonderful and Ruth, thrilled with it all, had scarcely time to think of the old home and of John.

Her first evening spent at a Cabaret, where she met a number of Montaine's friends, revealed a new phase of life; there was music and wine, women reeled from its influence and Ruth found herself an alien to these surroundings. Montaine was sullen when she refused to mix with the crowd and during the drive home neither had much to say. From this time on Montaine was not so attentive. He often telephoned that he was dining down town and Ruth had long days and evenings alone, hours when she had time to think, days and nights when she would have given her life almost to be back in her girlhood home. She tried to write to her loved ones, to tell them of her new life but she could not and night after night she silently sobbed.

FOUR long months passed by and Ruth realized that she was to become a mother. In her new found joy she told her husband, thinking this news would bridge the gulf that was widening between them. Montaine was furious. He raved as if he were mad and with that cynical smile told Ruth their marriage was a sham, that she was not his wife. Alone she left his apartment, taking with her a small suit case of her simplest clothes. She wandered aimlessly, her brain on fire, not knowing where she was going and not caring. She thought of the river where she might end her shame, but the image of the little mother came before her and she heard again the teachings of that sacred home and drew back. Darkness came on as hopelessly she wandered. Through the door of a church came soft strains of music, a sweet voice was singing, "Lead Kindly Light, Amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me On, The night is dark and I am far from home. I loved to see and choose my path, but now" with an agonized cry she looked toward Heaven and murmured, "Lead Thou Me On."

Aimlessly, listlessly she wandered until the first, faint streaks of morning appeared in the eastern sky, a dim light in the distance seemed to be beckoning her, almost exhausted she reached the door of a shabby, little shack, a kindly hand opened the door and Ruth fell fainting into the room. Strong, Irish arms were about the girlish form and she was tenderly lifted to a couch. When consciousness returned Ruth in broken sobs told her story; she had reached a humble shack but it housed a mother heart.

Mrs. Maloney had known real sorrow, bereft of her two grown up sons, her baby girl and her husband within the short space of five years. She had for a time thought her grief unbearable but in the pain and suf-

fering that seemed to surround her on every corner she had forgotten her own grief in the joy of service to others less fortunate than herself.

WHEN Ruth was able she walked for miles, going from door to door asking for work, and finally secured a position in a ribbon department. Days and weeks went by, night after night she sobbed her heart out in prayer to God for forgiveness. She tried to write home to the dear father and mother whose hearts she had so cruelly broken, but her pride refused to let her do it. Several months passed during which time she had become a general favorite with those around her and everyone was eager to bring smiles to her saddened, youthful, face. Then came an evening when the proprietor kindly told her not to come to work again until she was well! her new friends bade her goodbye with tears in their eyes, some of them with sadder stories than hers. Then followed weeks of anguish and heartache, unable to find work, she was dependent upon the kind hospitality of a stranger. There wasn't fuel to keep them warm; they were often hungry. During nights of bitter anguish Ruth prayed that God would take her life and that of her unborn babe. Mother Maloney's arms stole around Ruth's neck and kissing her tenderly she would say, "Niver mind, darlint, you were Heaven sint to my door and everything will be right by an' by." Then came a night of pain and suffering, then weeks of convalescing in which the dear Irish friend shared her meagre store with Ruth; there was a wee squirming little bundle with brown curls and dimpled cheeks, eyes so big and blue that finally brought a smile to Ruth's face as she lovingly cared for her precious son.

BEFORE her strength returned she went again in search of work and was repeatedly met with the same answer. Finally she got a position. Then with her arms around Mother Maloney's neck she promised to partly repay her for her many kindnesses. There were happy hours in that humble home as they watched the baby grow and as his chubby little arms were around Ruth's neck and his precious baby face pressed close to hers she prayed that God would guard and keep him.

One morning Ruth awakened with a start, baby Jack was croupy; his tiny hands were hot, his lips feverish, but Ruth must go to work or lose her job. What should she do? there was no money to call a doctor, if she failed to appear at the store her pay check stopped. Mrs. Maloney's arms were again around her as she said, "Go, darlint, I'll take care of our baby." All day Ruth's mind was on "Jack," she was nervous and worried and could hardly wait until closing time. When she reached home there was a marked change in his condition and together she and Mother Maloney worked untiringly to ease the little sufferer. A week of suffering and the tiny baby fingers clasping Ruth's began to relax, the faint little pulse grew weaker, opening his big, blue eyes, a faint smile on his face, he tried to lisp, "mama" then death claimed him. Ruth sat as if turned to stone. The City officials were notified and strange hands took the little form away. They urged that Ruth be taken to a County hospital but Mrs. Maloney refused to let her go.

For days and nights Ruth lay in a wild delirium, calling piteously for mother, daddy, Ralph and John; reaching for her baby, imagining she had him in her arms; crooning a lull-

aby; kissing his cheeks then begging that he might live, pleading with God not to take him from her. There were times when Mrs. Maloney thought Ruth's reason had gone entirely. After days of mental anguish she felt exhausted and slept only to awaken to the bitter loneliness of it all, then came tears, that solace of grief. Her benefactress's arms were around her as with awkward tenderness she patted the heaving shoulders so shaken with sobs. There's a wealth of love in some big hearts that have known only the hard things of life and lavishly did Mother Maloney shower that love on Ruth.

IT was a long time before Ruth again found work; the roses had faded from her cheeks, the lustre from her eyes; there was even in her heart a resentment against her Maker, but time heals all wounds and as she accompanied Mother Maloney on her errands of mercy, sometimes closing the eyes of the dying; crooning a lullaby to a motherless babe, telling stories to hungry, little hearts, carrying sunshine to homes that had known only sorrow, the picture of her own precious mother, so far away, doing like errands would come before Ruth, and she realized fully the meaning of the Savior's words, "He that doeth it unto the least of these my brethren, hath done it unto me" and with her beloved benefactress she found joy and peace in service.

RUTH spent many happy hours telling Mother Maloney of her home life, of her parents, of Ralph and John; of her religion. She told the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith, how an angel had revealed to him the restored gospel; of his persecution and finally his martyrdom and that of his beloved brother Hyrum. She told of the sufferings endured by the early saints; of her own faith in God and her benefactress listened intently, eager always for more. One evening as they were in the busy part of the city, Ruth was attracted by someone singing; she listened a moment then drew her companion to the street corner where Mormon elders were holding a street meeting. As they sang, "O, Ye Mountains High; We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet, and Come, Come Ye Saints," Ruth could hardly stand it; she wanted to sing with them; she wanted to tell them she too, was a member of their church; she wanted to talk to them of HOME, but she could not. With what change she had she purchased a Book of Mormon, then spent happy hours reading its pages to Mother Maloney, while that honest, Irish heart received its wonderful message. Repeatedly they attended the street meetings.

A DREAD epidemic swept the district where Ruth and her benefactress lived and in two short days it looked as if Ruth was to lose her beloved Irish mother. Untiringly she worked over the dear, old form, trying to relieve the pain and soothe the tired sufferer. The County physician was called, took the weak pulse, left some tablets and promised to return in an hour. On his second visit, he shook his head and said there was nothing more could be done, the patient would only linger for another hour or so." Were Ruth's prayers to go unheeded? Hadn't she yet paid the price for that moment of reckless folly? What would she not have given for her father and Ralph to anoint that aching head and through their prayer of faith relieve that precious

mother. Dropping on her knees by the bedside, one hand clasping Mother Maloney's, she prayed, "Dear God, please spare her life; how can I live without her?" then in a half whisper she added, "Not my will but Thine be done." An atmosphere of peace seemed to settle in the room, broken only by the labored breathing of the sufferer, then Ruth rising from her knees whispered something to the kind neighbor who kept watch with her and stole quietly from the room. She ran for blocks, reaching the nearest Drug Store, called the Mission home, asked for the elders, gave them her address, asked them to come quickly as someone was dying. In a short time, but what seemed an eternity to Ruth, two humble Mormon elders, clothed with the Priesthood of God, entered that humble home, anointed the tired head with holy oil, unitedly laid their hands upon the sufferer's head and in the name of Jesus Christ rebuked the destroyer and asked their Father in Heaven to restore her. All night Ruth kept watch. When the first faint streaks of day appeared Mother Maloney opened her tired eyes and said, "Sure, darlint, and I was near the pearly gates." With tears rolling down Ruth's cheeks, she pressed her lips tenderly against the wrinkled face and whispered, "God has been so good to me and I'm so happy, mother mine."

DURING the weeks that followed there were happy evenings in the Maloney home; frequent visits from the elders; hours when they explained the Gospel and sang the songs that were so dear to that Irish heart and to Ruth. As mother Maloney listened to the sweet trio of voices sing, "O, My Father", "Lead Kindly Light", "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", she would say, "Sure and the angels couldn't sound any swater."

THREE years had gone by, days, weeks and months in which John Benton had given the best of his young life in service for his church; he had tried to forget his own sorrow while he carried the gospel message to hearts that were hungering for the truth. He had received an honorable release and was to return home.

When attending a mission conference Ruth's heart almost stopped beating; her face deathly pale, she grasped Mother Maloney's hand while Pres. Ralph, John Benton and a number of other elders walked to the stand. With all the love that had been stored in her heart for three long years, she whispered to her companion, "John" and that dear Irish heart understood.

The meeting was over, everyone was thrilled with the message the humble elders had delivered. Ruth could stand it no longer, with her companion she walked to the front of the building. John gave one gasp, clasped her extended hand and with a world of love in his heart said, "Ruth". He wanted to take her in his arms and tell her again that he loved her but remembered that she belonged to another. There was little time for conversation but Mother Maloney invited President Ralph and John to share her frugal meal next day and there she told them Ruth's story. Holding Ruth in his arms and looking into her precious eyes he read some of the sorrow and heartache of the past three years.

John baptized Mother Maloney and President Ralph confirmed her a member of the church. There was a quiet wedding in the Maloney home, to be solemnized later in the Temple. A message was flashed

across the wires to the two homes in the heart of the hills.

"Ruth and John coming on the midnight train" (Signed) Mr. and Mrs. John Benton.

President Ralph gave them his blessing. There were tears in Mother Maloney's eyes, tears of sorrow at parting with Ruth; tears of joy in the peace of her soul and the new found happiness for the little girl she loved so dearly. She kissed them both and wished them "Godspeed." John took Mother Maloney in his arms, told her he would send for her very soon and she knew that promise came from an honest heart. With smiling Irish eyes, blinded a bit by tears she said, "Shure, and I'll be ready."

There was general rejoicing in the city of Beverly when the rather mysterious message reached there. There were two happy mothers, a dear father and brother who whispered, "God's Hand Doth Guide," and on bended knees they humbly said, "Father in Heaven, we thank Thee."

NO TIME FOR BITTER THOUGHTS

By Josephine Gardner Moench

I envied my close neighbor
The time she had to spare
For parties, concerts, bridge and golf,
Gowned always with such care.

But when I called one afternoon,
I found her quite upset
By a fancied slight from a husband true,
And a tilt with her social set.

I breathed a prayer of thankfulness
That in my crowded days,
There is no time for bitter thoughts,
No time for petty frays.

The house to clean—the meals prepare—
A dress to make for Sue—
I can not brood over Nan's retort
Nor Paul's jest, misconstrue.

My spare thoughts must be on my books
To make my lesson sure
For the one luxury I grant myself
A class in literature.

Relief Society Conference (Concluded)

The Library

MABEL S. NOKES

President Boise Stake Relief Society

MY dear fellow workers: The Relief Society Library is a subject in which every Stake Board is interested. I do not believe that interest is enough, we must be so converted to it, so converted to the use that we can make of a library, that we can convince our Wards that their Relief Society library will have a definite, vital place in their communities.

Because our Wards and Stakes are so different in size and population, we will have to study carefully and prayerfully to find the kind of library that will best suit our needs.

I like the thought of Ward libraries. It seems to me that regardless of the size of Stake or Ward, the Ward library will better fill that ideal of a Relief Society library that Sister Jennie B. Knight gave us about eighteen months ago. "The best reading for the most people at the least cost."

There are just a few simple rules that have proved to be good. By following them one Stake has established libraries in the great majority of its Wards. To stimulate interest we had a little contest and in a short given time these wards were to assemble their libraries and place them on exhibition. To the ward having the best library in the judgment of the judges, who were in no way biased, the stake board gave a book.

We followed very simple rules. We must have a Librarian, someone who knows and understands books, who loves books and can teach others to love them. If possible she should be a woman who has leisure time, and will accept the calling as a mission, having definite aims in view.

We must have a place to keep our books, preferably a cupboard with glass doors, where our books can be seen, but I think we should have the doors locked when the librarian is not present. You know books are like small boys, they are apt to turn up missing just when we want them most.

A card index system of filing the books and names of the borrowers should be used. A small fine could be charged for overdue books, and that added to the library fund.

Books cost money, and not every Relief Society treasury can buy a lot of books, but there isn't a Ward in the Church that doesn't have the nucleus of a fine library in the text books they have bought from year to year, and if we approach people in the right way they will give a book —new books, or old books in good condition. We should have at least one set of the standard books of the Church, Church reference books and as many of the biographies of our early men and women as possible. Their lives are examples of courage and faith that are inspiring to read about. Bound copies of our *Magazine* are suggested.

I suppose you have met the question, "What about fiction? May we put fiction in our libraries?" I say yes, but let us hold to as high a standard as possible. In judging fiction let us not read a book that does not leave us with a finer faith in hu-

manity, and a higher ideal of life. People who have enforced leisure time perhaps may get a great deal of courage just through reading for entertainment.

Everyone of you have cupboards of books, but can we call cupboards of books libraries—the ideal Relief Society library? I do not think so. We must have these books read and circulated every one or two weeks in order to call it a library, and here is where the work of the Librarian begins. Can we make our women library-conscious as we are making them *Magazine* conscious? Can we teach them to form the habit of taking home a book every week? If we can, we have made a big step towards reaching the family, and Sister Lyman will tell us "that if we can reach the family, we can reach the community." Is not that an ideal worth striving for?

These Librarians have missions. It is a new department, and we must give them all the help possible. Just as surely as we Stake Board members strive with all our heart and soul to give inspiration and help to our class leaders, we should also give that same help and that same feeling toward our Librarians. Every stake class leader should encourage her ward class leader to help the ward librarian. There are several little things that we could suggest to the Wards that would help them hold their libraries. They might give five minutes a week to the librarian to either give herself or have someone whom she knows is competent, review some book, just enough to give them a taste of it, and make the women curious to finish the book. In our public libraries our books are displayed temptingly. Have your librarians visit the public libraries, encourage them to display the books as alluringly as possible so that people will be tempted to look into them and read them.

One of the finest things I think we have been able to do for our librarians is to have our State Librarian talk to them. In our July Union Meetings we asked Miss Leila Bedford, the Idaho State Librarian, to talk to our Presidents and Librarians on Library Methods and The Value of Libraries in Rural Communities. She was so pleased and thrilled with our Library program she gave each of the Wards a list of the books in the Idaho State Traveling Library, and offered to send them boxes of from fifty to one hundred books, any choice they might make, to be kept as long as six months, asking only as thanks that our libraries try to interest and distribute the books to their communities.

Are we forgetting that sometimes we can interest women in reading through having a magazine exchange in connection with our library? We can reach outside women, and when we once reach them the possibilities are endless.

Let us not forget our children in our libraries. Let us remember that we want to guide their reading. Let us have a hand in putting children's books in our libraries, so they can then turn back the pages of history and become acquainted with the lives of great men and women. We can teach them to read, and let us bear this in mind that we want them to make friends of books.

Dear Sisters, let us remember that most of the worthwhile things since the world began started as a movement—sometimes very small. Our Library Movement may not be large but let us make it permanent and vital.

Educational Opportunities

LULA Y. SMITH
President Cache Stake Relief Society

EDUCATION in its fullest meaning is the ability to live intelligently; to live intelligently would be fulfilling all the purpose of life. We are educated for good or evil by all we see, hear, feel or do. Education is the ability to make the proper adjustments to all the problems of life.

Every person we meet contributes to our education. Our every day contact with others is the most vital influence in our development. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints offers more opportunities for growth and development than is given to any other people in all the world. Among the most favored of these groups are the women of the Relief Society.

Woman's responsibility is not alone with the home, but with the whole world which has to do with our children. John Dewey says, "What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all its children." Every child is our child.

Home should be a shelter not only against the weather, but against all detrimental forces. The greatest monuments ever erected in the world are erected in the homes.

The most potent factor in a child's life is an adult's behavior. To the Relief Society has been given the responsibility of education of the women of the Church. The development of the race depends on the development of the women. There is not anything a woman cannot do, no heights to which she cannot attain if she is living up to her privileges in the Relief Society. The Prophet Joseph said, then the angels could not be restrained from being our associates.

There is an old Spanish proverb which reads: "He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take with him the wealth of the Indies."

Relief Society has developed the finest social contacts the world has ever known. We work and play together and the rules of the game are the rules of life. From Goethe's Immortal "Faust" we get this great lesson—Man lives for man and only as he works for his fellowman can he be saved. When you are in the service of your fellowman you are in the service of God. All we send into the lives of others comes back into our own.

The scope of Relief Society work is as broad as life itself. Here is developed the well-rounded education of the intellectual, spiritual, social and physical.

The spirit is fed through the Theology lessons and Testimony meetings. To know God is life eternal. A fulness of life is promised to those who seek him diligently. The witness of the spirit is that which sustains.

The intellect is fed through the Literary lessons. Literature feeds the desire for beauty; it glorifies the commonplace; it helps us to live with other people. A pearl is a pearl only to those who know its value. All great men and women live close to God.

Emerson says, "The world is a temple whose walls are covered with emblems, pictures and commandments of the Deity—the poet is the interpreter."

Keates says, in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn," "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

"O Lord, open thou our eyes that

we may see past the tall buildings of the cities and perceive the souls thereof; widen our horizons; give us largeness of heart that we may see the luminous heights above."

The Social Service lessons not only help us to recognize home and community problems, but create the desires to do something about it. It is not enough to stand for the truth but we must carry it forward. It develops ability to render better service in our own environment.

Learn how you can best serve, *then work*. The Lord is the best pay-master in all creation. It is not how many languages we can speak, but what we can say in one. It is not how many years we have lived, but how well we have lived them.

All the lessons are but steps by which we may develop the power to see beyond the written word to the truth it emphasizes. Knowledge is the ladder by which we climb to heaven.

Possibly there is no phase of Relief Society work that offers more opportunity for development than the Relief Society Visiting Teachers. They have the educational value of home contacts, the opportunity to inspire faith, to teach, to give courage, to strengthen the family life, to bind up wounds, to enrich the lives of others, to keep a balance of interests, and the opportunity to serve. Kindness is the power God has given us to unlock the door to those who need His blessing. All the pathways to life eternal are through service. There is no happiness for anyone today who hasn't a worthy aim or object. Someone has said, "Happiness is great love and much service." If our hearts are full of love and our hands full of service we have solved the riddle of life, for where love is, God is there also.

Grace Noel Crowell breathes the spirit of Relief Society work in these few lines:

"The day was long, the burden I had borne
Seemed heavier than I could longer bear,
And then it lifted—but I did not know
Someone had knelt in prayer

"Had taken me to God that very hour,
And asked the easing of the load, and He,
In infinite compassion, had stooped down
And taken it from me.

"We cannot tell how often as we pray
For some bewildered one, hurt and distressed,
The answer comes—but many times those hearts
Find sudden peace and rest.

"Someone had prayed, and Faith, a reaching hand,
Took hold of God, and brought Him down that day!
So many, many hearts have need of prayer—
Oh, let us pray."

TABERNACLE

October 3—2 p. m.

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman, Presiding

LAURA W. SALZNER

Former President Swiss-German Mission Relief Society

IN September, 1931, we left our home for the Swiss-German Mission. No doubt there are many of the mothers present whose sons were

with us in this far off land. I wish to say that we feel there are no finer, no better young men to be found than those who have labored with us in this mission. We have learned to love them, and to honor the parents of the two hundred and fifty capable, sincere, humble missionaries whom we have labored with.

In the Swiss-German mission all of the auxiliaries are organized and doing good work. The Relief Society was organized fifty-three years ago. The first organization was effected in Berne, Switzerland. Two years later an organization was formed in Berlin, Germany.

At the present time there are fifty-four Relief Society organizations, with a membership of eleven hundred. Although these members are often separated by many miles, there are one hundred and fifty visiting teachers, who carry the Relief Society message into the homes each month. These organizations are following the lesson course prescribed by the General Boards, and enjoying them, and progress is being made.

In each of the fourteen districts, which may be compared to stakes, two conferences are held each year, and it means a saving from a meagre income in order to permit the Saints to attend.

In 1933 an important step was taken in the advancement of auxiliary organizations when the General Mission Boards were organized, one for each auxiliary organization. This gave local men and women a greater opportunity to be trained and assume responsibility, and to give service. Local district supervisors were also appointed to further effect this organization, and to bring a closer cooperation between the mission and branch societies.

Although the members are poor, their hearts are in the work. They are faithful tithe-payers, and loyal in supporting the organizations of the Church. About five years ago the members were asked to pay Annual Membership Dues into the Relief Society—one mark, which is about twenty-five cents in our money. They responded so well to this request that we have now sufficient funds sent in each year to pay all the mission office expenses of the Relief Society, the traveling expenses of the district supervisors, and the traveling expenses of the Mission Board Member who attends the conference. We are most grateful for this response, for we know what a sacrifice it is for these sisters, but they justify all the blessings that come to those who are willing to sacrifice and love the Gospel.

Two years ago the "Singing Mothers" were organized throughout the mission, and each district conference. Last Spring these groups furnished the singing for one session of the conferences. They are a music-loving people, and love to sing their beautiful folk songs and the Songs of Zion in their homes and meetings.

In order to keep in closer touch with the branch organizations, a monthly report is sent into the mission office. These are compiled into a mission report, and a copy is sent to the district supervisors.

On account of the expense of translating and printing the very fine handbooks which are sent out by the different auxiliary boards of the Church, the organizations have been somewhat handicapped. This difficulty is, however, being gradually overcome. Some of these books are already in the hands of the workers, and others, and the Relief Society handbook is now being translated for their use. These instructions do much to standardize the

work and solve many of the organization problems.

During the last few years, when the people in Switzerland have been more prosperous than those in Germany, the Relief Societies have gathered new and used clothing, and have sent from thirty to fifty large packages each year into the branches in Germany. This work is under the supervision of the Mission Board, and is distributed to the needy members of the Church in Germany. Much of this clothing is contributed by non-members who have learned of the charitable work of the Relief Society organization, and send their contributions in unsolicited. Although the majority of the women must work and help earn the living, as well as take care of their homes and family, they find time to do beautiful handwork for their bazaars, which are held each year for the purpose of gathering funds and furthering the work of the organization.

The members of the Swiss-German Mission felt highly honored, and greatly appreciated the visit of our dear President, Sister Robison. In that far off land they often feel isolated from the body of the Church and this personal contact with one of our leaders brought a closer bond of unity and understanding between them.

I bring you greetings from the sisters of the Swiss-German Mission, for they feel you are interested in them, and they are interested in you.

GENEVE J. DALTON

Former President South African Mission Relief Society

I WOULD like to extend to President Robison, her counselors and members of the General Board, together with all the members of the Relief Society here, the greetings and love from all the Relief Society sisters in South Africa. They are indeed interested in the work here, and they look to the sisters of Utah for their inspiration, and, of course, for their guidance in the work.

They have just the same desires, I believe, that all Relief Society sisters throughout the world have, to know the Gospel, to live it and to be good Relief Society members.

They feel the influence of the wonderful organization, and what it does for women. I learned to love the Relief Society work, and I learned to love the women of the South African Mission, because Relief Society work teaches us to understand women, to feel for them, and inspires the desire to help them.

When I left the South African Mission there were sixteen organizations. Some of them very very small, and some of them a good size. The Relief Society has not been organized for so many years, it is really in its infancy there, but it is growing, and while I was there we were able to increase the membership about 200%. We were grateful for this, and would have liked every woman of the Church to be a member of Relief Society. I am sure this is going to come.

The Union of South Africa is a very big country; covering as much territory as the United States, so you will know that when we say the members are scattered, we do not mean by a few miles, but by a vast distance, so it was difficult to get the members of the Relief Society together. Some members were on farms, great distances from the cities, but we tried in various ways

to reach these people and to make them members of the organization.

We were able, during the six years, to hold two Relief Society conventions in the mission, though it was a difficult problem to get women to come so far, and to raise the money to bring them. I am sure that the two conventions we held with representatives from all districts in South Africa, helped the Relief Society work there. I know that it increased the women's knowledge, and they were more capable of carrying the Relief Society work on.

There are many districts where we did not even have missionaries to help the sisters, and so it was difficult for new people, who had never done work in the Relief Society before, to get on to this work. The Relief Society Mission President, of course, is unable to visit them very often, perhaps once a year at the most. We have some small organizations with perhaps only two or three members, including the Relief Society President, a First and Second Counselor, and the Second Counselor acts as the secretary. I do not believe there could be two organizations in all the Church that do more effective and efficient Relief Society work than these two little organizations, one of three members and one of four. Where we found just one woman alone, we tried to make her a member of the Relief Society through an inactive non-attendance roll. These sisters would study and sew and make things to send to the different bazaars in the mission to help raise funds for charity. Many of these women who were out alone were able to do that, and we often received parcels from them for our bazaars.

Our special activities there were just about the same as we have here for raising our funds. We hold bazaars and concerts. We try everything because we have to scheme and contrive to make money.

I have great hopes for the Relief Society in South Africa. I know of the hospitality and love of the women there. There are great possibilities for it. We have many friends.

In my travels home, and we went to a great many countries, I could not help but think of the difference in the women of the nations. When we think of the natives of Africa and the nude women, and then we think of the veiled women of India and Turkey, and the women of China, with their bound feet, we cannot help but think of the blessing the Relief Society would be to these women. They are now, of course, overcoming the traditions that have guided them for hundreds and hundreds of years, but I know that the Relief Society is just the organization that will help women and that will teach them and educate them to overcome these things that bind them down. In Palestine and Syria we see the woman sitting in the door of her mud hut, and her children about her in tatters and rags and dirt, and we wonder how people can exist like that and get happiness out of life. Of course they look to the god whom they worship, and they have that instinct that every woman has in the world, to love her children, and do for them, and I suppose that this is the happiness these oriental women get out of life. But, I can only feel proud that I am a member of the Relief Society, and that I have been taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

HAZEL B. TINGEY

Former President of the Australian Mission Relief Society

I BRING to you, my dear brethren and sisters, greetings from the far off land of Australia, nine or ten thousand miles away. I wish to extend my appreciation for the Australian saints. I think nowhere in the whole world could we find people who are more hospitable. I think I never had the privilege of entering any home that I was not made perfectly welcome, whether they were members of the Church or not. They seem to have the desire to welcome and honor their guests, and do all in their power to make them feel at home and at ease.

I, too, think we have some of the finest young men in all the Church in the Australian Mission. The cooperation, love, unity and assistance that they gave my husband and myself was remarkable.

When you leave the Stakes of Zion, and go out into the world, you begin to treasure the teachings of our Church. When we meet outside people, perhaps who have not had the opportunity of hearing the Gospel message, it makes us realize and see how greatly blessed we are.

In Australia we have a territory about the same as the United States. From our most northeastern branch to our western branch we cover a distance of about 4,500 miles, so you can imagine the distance between branches. We have seven million people in Australia, but we have not a very large membership in Relief Society, but a very efficient organization. We have women who are certainly converted to this great work, who are carrying on all the lessons as outline in our *Magazine*. We have some Relief Society Presidents there who I am sure cannot be surpassed, and they know what the responsibility of the office and calling is. We are striving diligently to spread the work, to make it grow slowly but surely, and to enlighten the other sisters regarding its beauty.

We have traveled about 200,000 miles over land and water, that would be enough to go around the earth perhaps about eight times, and never once has there been any sign of an accident. We have been remarkably blessed, and I cannot, if I live many many years, repay my Heavenly Father for His mercy and blessings unto us.

We have found, in the mission field, the real joy of service. We have found the life of real happiness, and I am sure that not only people who have gone to the Australian, Swiss-German, South African Missions, but all missionaries the world over, and all we brothers and sisters who are engaged in this mighty work here at home, have found there is no greater way to obtain happiness than in service to our fellow brothers and sisters. Surely the great Master set the example, and He told us that no greater joy could be found than in that way.

In the teachings of the Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the principles that are held therein, we find the highest standards and ideals of life.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Netherlands Mission

Space for Picture here

THE picture below is a group of seventy-five of the Singing Mothers of the Netherlands Mission. The picture was taken at the first Mission Relief Society Conference held September 29, 1935, in the Rotterdam Chapel.

A most excellent account of this very happy event comes from Sister Hermana F. Lyon, President of the Mission Relief Societies. It was quite an undertaking for the sisters of the Mission, but the great interest that was taken, and the remarkable success of the conference, indicates that it may be an annual event. It also gave, as the Relief Society conferences do everywhere, an inspiration for the work throughout the entire season. This conference had the effect of demonstrating to the brethren, the ability of the sisters to carry on their part of the work.

GROUP OF SINGING MOTHERS OF THE NETHERLANDS MISSION

The Conference began with a testimony meeting at 8:30 in the morning. It was necessary for some of the sisters to leave home at 6 a. m. in order to be in Rotterdam for this early meeting. Ninety-six of the faithful members were present, and bore wonderful testimonies which were faith-promoting to all who heard them. One elderly sister, a member of the first Relief Society in Holland, was present on this memorable occasion.

During the following meetings held during the day, the program of education and activity as it is sponsored by the Relief Society organization, was given in fine detail, including a demonstration of correct visiting teachers' work, the proper use of the charity fund, and a splendid demonstration of the lesson work. The ideas for the conference

program were suggested by the *Relief Society Magazine,* and the Bulletins that are sent from the office to the missions. Sister Lyon stressed the very important fact that the Netherlands Mission is not an isolated group, but a part of the great Relief Society as a whole, world-wide in its scope. The practical phases of the work were included, and one very interesting part of the program was a discussion on how to hold a successful bazaar without resorting to raffling. The Relief Society manual, *Handicrafts for Every Woman,* is welcome in this Mission, and felt to be a great aid in the practical work.

At noon a warm lunch was served to the visiting sisters, and in the afternoon the time of the meeting was given over to reports from the branch presidents. This proved to be most successful, and while the women have had little experience in public speaking, they gave very excellent reports, and only two out of the number of Presidents were absent.

The music furnished by the chorus of seventy-five Singing Mothers was a most beautiful part of the service. The Conference concluded with the evening session. There were three hundred and eighty-four saints and many investigators present at the conference, which concluded with the evening session. During these remarkable meetings splendid missionary work was accomplished, and a demonstration given of what the Relief Society can do for the women of the Church. To quote Sister Lyon: "It was with regret and thanksgiving that we heard the last song and prayer—regret that our spiritual feast together had come to an end, but sincere gratitude to our Father for the rich outpouring of His Holy Spirit upon our gatherings. We will long remember our Testimony and other meetings and the lovely music of our Singing Mothers."

Tongan Mission

THE Tongan Mission, the most remote from Relief Society headquarters, consists of eighteen branches. The Relief Society President, Sister Martha E. Wolfgram, writes: "Were it not for the handicap in the language there would be 100% Magazine subscriptions in this Mission." The sisters are so appreciative of the letters from the office, and of everything that comes to them. Deep gratitude is felt for the lessons prepared for their use, and they do thrill at the feeling that they are a part of the great whole, and are recognized as such.

Conditions in Tonga are different from those in any other part of the Church, perhaps, as there are no poor, no one in dire need. The people have very little money, but food grows in abundance, and everyone has a home. Good use is made of the money which is collected in the organization to help the mission and missionaries. "The Gate Beautiful," a lovely pageant printed in the April, 1935 issue of the *Relief Society Magazine,* was presented at the district conference, and went over very successfully.

"We are ready at all times to do our part in furthering the great work, you can be assured of our following in every way the instructions and advice from the General Board."

South American Mission

THE first message comes from Sister W. Ernest Young, President of the South American Mission

Relief Society: "We greet you from sunny South America. It is a very interesting place to be. The saints are anxious to learn and do new things. It is a pleasure to work with such an interesting group of sisters as we have in our Relief Society here. We now have two organizations in this Mission, one is German, the other Spanish. Soon we shall organize another branch at Haedo.

"Our program of this year follows: (a) Theology; (b) History—Study of Argentine development; (c) Music; (d) Work and Business Meeting; (e) Open day each fifth week, i.e., during a month of the quarter. Our program is to develop interesting work meetings."

Parowan Stake

A VERY beautiful flower show, sponsored by the three Relief Societies of Cedar City and the Cedar City Garden Club, was held in Cedar City, September 14, 1935. Miss Mary L. Bastow of the B. A. C. judged the display on color harmony and arrangement. The judge remarked that it was one of the most beautiful and well arranged flower shows she had ever seen. More thought was given to color harmony and arrangement rather than species of flowers. There were over one hundred individual entries made. One of the outstanding features of the Show was the three table settings. Each Ward arranged one table. There were two luncheon tables, one formal and one informal, and one dinner table. Fruits and vegetables were emphasized as table decorations. The women all felt that the affair was a fine success and are looking forward to a bulb show which they are planning for next Spring.

Flower Show, Cedar City, Sept. 14, 1935

Benson Stake

THE remarkable frugality and wide scope of Relief Society activities is shown in the reports that come into the office from the Stakes and Wards of the organization. A very splendid piece of work was accomplished in the Benson Stake in cooperation with the Cache County Red Cross organization. A course in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick was recently completed, and certificates have been awarded to eighty-nine women, one of the largest classes of this type to successfully complete the work, according to the statement of the National organization. The closing of the course was made the occasion for very fine public exercises, where the value of the Red Cross training and the education the Relief Society women had received, were stressed. An outline of the work which had been accomplished was given, and recognition was made by the public officials and members of the Relief Society, with appropriate musical numbers.

DURING the holiday season all members of Sharon Stake who were ill or home-bound were entertained in a special manner. The Sisters in each Ward divided themselves into groups and visited every home, where a meeting was held followed by a social. Some of those visited had been unable to come out to meeting for years and deeply appreciated and enjoyed these lovely gatherings.

PROSE AND POETRY

By Della Adams Leitner

Washing the dishes and making the beds
And cooking the meals each day;
Dusting and darning and baking the bread,
And putting the clothes away;
The endless daily tasks become
So tiresome till it seems
That mothers know but prose in life,
Their poetry but dreams.

But oh, the rhythm of pattering feet,
The meter of laughter and song,
The lilt of child voices in glad delight
Bearing love's theme along.
And a measured strain creeps into the day
Lifting the load of care,
Transforming its prose to a poem of joy
A lyric of love and prayer.

BATTLING STILL

By Sara Lyman

O the weary, weary waiting
For the thing that lies ahead,
I am weary of the food I eat
And weary of the bed.

I am weary of the suffering
And weary of the pain,
And ever weary wondering
When I'll be well again.

Then shall I quit the battle
I've been fighting all this time,
Say the path's too steep before me
That I cannot make the climb?

No. For all this weary waiting
There is surely some reward,
Something safe and sweet and certain,
Something I can work toward.

For we all must taste the bitter
That we might enjoy the sweet.
O Lord give strength and courage
That I shan't admit defeat.

Notes to the Field

Relief Society and Missionary Work

INASMUCH as the question has been brought into the office from a number of Stakes, we are giving this statement in reference to the matter of the Relief Society and the Missionary work.

As Latter-day Saints, there is perhaps no movement dearer to us than that of the missionary work, and we are very anxious, all of us, to do our part in aiding this great cause. In the Church set-up each organization has its definite work to do, and that should be the first consideration. The Missionary movement is an activity of the Priesthood, and what Relief Society women do to further this should be done as members of the Ward. The responsibility of keeping missionaries in the field does not rest with the Relief Society as an organization.

During the present emergencies, perhaps more than at any other time, the Relief Society should give its attention to its welfare and relief program. The feeling of the General Board and Presidency in the matter is that if our organizations keep up this work in answer to the demands of the present time, it will be all they are able to accomplish.

We urge our women to do their full share in all the Church work, and as we have indicated, we hope they will contribute to the missionary fund, but they do this as individual members of the Church. We do not favor activity for this work within the organization.

Care of Records:

AN organization is judged by the records it keeps. The Relief Society is justly proud of the fine standards which are set through the careful preparation of its record books. However, reports have come to us form various quarters that due care has not been exercised in collecting and keeping the records of the Relief Society in safe places. This grave responsibility rests with the President and Secretary. We think this is a good time to call to the attention of the Stakes and Wards that these records are of immense value, and suggest that the secretaries take steps to collect all material that is available and see that there is some definite place where these valuable books may be kept with safety for the organization. Make a special effort to get everything of the past that is available, and include it in the records of the Stakes.

New Stake Organization:

THE year 1935 was remarkable for many things, but especially for the growth of the Wards and Stakes of our Church. There were many reorganizations and the creation of a number of new stakes. May we take this opportunity of expressing our deep gratitude to all our fine Presidents for the wonderful work they have done, and welcome the new ones to the group. At October conference the record of the new stakes and reorganizations was read, but since that time we have to note the arrival of a new Stake—Bonneville—taken from the Liberty Stake. Sister Cornelia S. Lund succeeds Sister Amy P. Romney as President of the Liberty Stake, and

Sister Pearl A. Daynes is President of the youngest of our Stakes—Bonneville. All good wishes to them.

Music:

WE are almost at the threshold of our Anniversary. Choristers and Organists, have you selected your music for this particular day? Would it not be an appropriate time to sing, as a special number, the song which the Prophet Joseph Smith loved so well—"A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief?" The trio arrangement can be obtained for ten cents per copy at the Beesley Music Company, 61 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The March Theology Lesson:

THE impressive theology lesson for March relates the introduction into the Church of the temple endowment and baptism for the dead.

The fact is emphasized and most significant that these holy ordinances may only be administered in places specially built or chosen for the purpose. Such places become holy shrines.

The specific revelations concerning this matter explains the fact to many questioning minds of the great urge the saints felt to complete the Nauvoo temple even after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and amid such poverty and persecution.

Social Service Lesson:

A NATION is what its homes are." From the home the child derives his basic ideas of obedience, of citizenship, of respect for authority, his spiritual and religious ideals, and even his ideas of speech. Upon the integrity of the home rests the future promises of life itself.

Read Proverbs 31:27-28.

Work and Business:

THE condition of floors makes or mars the appearance of every home. In "Handicraft for Every Woman," pages 27-30, much valuable information can be found as to ways and means of improving floors.

On page 119, article 7, the method used for filling joinings of sealex is given. This same method can be used for patching worn places in linoleum so the patch is scarcely noticeable.

TO increase our appreciation of the truly artistic, and our power to translate it into our daily life, is one of the objectives of our new book *Handicraft for Every Woman*. By its use in our Work meetings the standard of beauty in the home will be raised throughout our Church.

Literary Department:

WHEN does a book really become a friend? During this month make a friend of at least one character from a great book. A delightful list of those it would be good to meet is found on page 582 of the September Magazine. At the end of the month tell what this friendship has done for you.

Teacher's Topic:

EACH night in February as you prepare for slumber check on your day's conduct. Have you lost control or have you turned away your wrath with a soft answer? Have you stilled your child's rising anger by answering him mildly and softly?

Discuss and memorize Browning's lines found on page 580 of the September Magazine.

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VOL. XXIII FEBRUARY, 1936 No. 2

EDITORIAL

Abraham Lincoln

NOT only in the United States are thousands paying tribute to Abraham Lincoln on his natal day, February 12th, but in many other lands his virtues are told and men are made better through the example of his wonderful life.

His sayings reach the hearts of men and move them to like action. We need today his uncompromising honesty. He said, "You may burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds of heaven. You may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever; but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by so doing I may accomplish that which I believe to be right. I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right; but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side.

"Here are 23 ministers of different denominations and all of them are against me but three, and here are a great many prominent members of churches; a very large majority are against me. I have carefully read the Bible and I do not so understand this book," and he drew forth a pocket New Testament. "These men well know that I am for freedom in the territories, freedom everywhere as the Constitution and the laws will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this and yet, with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment they are going to vote against me; I do not understand it at all. I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything; I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself

cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same, and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care, and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come and I shall be vindicated, and these men will find they have not read their Bible right."

We need his faith to drive us to our knees. He said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

Through his fearless honesty and trust in God's direction, he grew according to his need; his mind mastered the problems that confronted him, and as the problems grew so did his comprehension of them. It is not often that a man is so well fitted to successfully cope with the crises of an epoch-making time.

During the four years of the Civil War, while his resources and magnanimity were sorely tried, he was never found wanting. Through his courage, justice, even temper, fertile counsel and his deep humanity "he stood an heroic figure, the center of an heroic age."

Passing of Julina L. Smith

AT the ripe age of 86 Sister Julina Lamson Smith died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Donnette Smith Kesler, Friday, January 10, 1936. Sister Smith was the wife of President Joseph F. Smith and ever stood by his side aiding him in whatever he undertook to do. She was the mother of eleven children, nine of whom survive her, among them Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve and David A. Smith, First Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric. 72 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren are left to honor her.

In addition to her work as wife and mother, which was always well done, she labored for thirty years in the Relief Society Organization, serving as a member of the General Board from 1892 'til 1921. For years she was counselor to President Emmeline B. Wells. She established the burial clothes department while she was in office. She was one of the signers of the Articles of Incorporation.

After working for a long time in the Endowment House, she was among the first called to labor in the Salt Lake Temple.

She was a successful obstetrician and many mothers bless her for her able and systematic help.

Sister Smith once said:

"A woman who would make a success of her life must endeavor to make her home an altar of peace, love and companionship. Her husband should rest confident in her gentle solicitude, and her children trust in her unfailing wisdom. Such an ideal does not imply wealth, education nor brilliant gifts. Faith, affection, fidelity, industry, and above all, integrity, constitute the requirements for such a happy woman's life and success." Those who knew her most intimately will testify that she in her life exemplified this preachment.

Sister Smith was firm in her conviction, kindly in her attitude, devoted to her family, friends and the Church. Her sons and daughters have a rich legacy bequeathed to them from this noble woman and their illustrious father.

Great Britain Mourns

TWO of England's illustrious sons passed to the Great Beyond in January, 1936. Rudyard Jipling, the noted writer, and King George, Great Britain's beloved monarch. These two have played their parts well. The one by contributing to the world's literature lasting poetry and fiction, the other by reigning wisely and well. They will ever be remembered among the illustrious great who have added laurels to Great Britain's galaxy.

Dr. Ellis Reynolds Shipp

ON January 20th in the historic Lion House Dr. Ellis Reynolds Shipp was the recipient of a family luncheon given by her daughter. Mrs. Ellis S. Musser, followed by a reception conducted by the Yale Camp, Daughters of Utah Pioneers in celebration of her 89th birthday.

The past year has been a very happy one for Dr. Shipp. Last June she was honored by the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania and presented with a gold medal for sixty years service in the medical profession. She was graduated from that institution in 1876. She was privileged to address the faculty banquet at that time. After visiting a grand-daughter in Washington, D. C., she returned home in July.

In her long life Dr. Shipp has played many parts. Not only has she labored as a physician and nurse she has trained many nurses. She served as a member of the General Board of Relief Society for years, as a charter member of the Utah Women's Press Club and has participated actively in various social and literary societies.

Three daughters, one son, thirty-six grandchildren, thirty-three great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren look up to this woman who has played such an important part in the history of her people.

"Minnequa Historical Bulletin"

WE are in receipt of delightful Christmas Greetings from the officers of the Minnequa Historical Bulletin. We deeply appreciate the pages they have sent containing most valuable information on the pioneer history of the West. The Christmas 1935 Bulletin deals especially with Mormon history. The compilers have been painstaking in their efforts to be accurate and just.

We have read the pages with much pleasure and congratulate those who have got them out in the success of their undertaking.

Lesson Department

Work and Business

SUGGESTIONS FOR WORK AND BUSINESS

THIS time of year women begin to think about house cleaning and home renovating. The refinishing of floors, the painting of woodwork, walls and furniture have an important place in this planning. Any of these subjects would be fine for a demonstration or a talk in Work and Business meeting. From page 27-45 of *Handicraft for Every Woman*, instructions and suggestions for all this work are given.

STORED away in almost every home one or more old wicker chairs can be found. They are not good enough to use as they are, but are too good to throw away. They have no equal for the porch or garden, and full instructions for the easy way of painting wicker can be found on pages 42-43 of "Handicrafts For Every Woman." Bright, bold-patterned cushions complete the effect.

CONSUMER PROBLEMS
LESSON VI

TO market to market to buy a fat calorie." Only by means of long sustained experiments have the principles of a wholesome diet been laid down. Of course new truth is always being discovered and old pronouncements shaken, yet certain facts continue to uphold the family table. Where to seek them, how to find one's way between food-fads on the one hand and exaggerations on the other, how to judge qualities in products, how to avoid extravagance and yet try out valuable novelties and expend the food budget for wholesome, varied meals, are the essentials. Price has many complex elements in food industry. Fluctuation may be due chiefly to good or bad season of farm products, however, the locality, transportation, refrigeration, terminal facilities, complexity of sale organization, type of stores, kinds of service expected of dealer, type of food such as protein in form of choice meat instead of cheese or legumes, size of container selected, quantity bought at one time, special sales, grade and quality, whether bought in packages or in bulk, time and season of buying, the purpose for which used and storage enter into wise purchasing. For greater satisfaction and economy perishable foodstuffs which vary in price and quality more than any other should be personally selected. A visit to the market will often offer new suggestions for the menu. Telephoning an order however saves the housewife much time and energy and is permissible, for good buying, where the price and quality are standardized and where the grocer or butcher has been dealt with some time and may be trusted to fill customer's orders carefully. As a means of precaution and check up it is well to use the kitchen scales occasionally. It is better to buy by definite quantity. The shopper who asks for ten cents worth of this or that is really asking to be cheated. Quality should be stressed most in food buying. With canned and packaged foods the element of fluid buying makes it imperative that the industry is committed to sound prac-

tice, that sanitation for factories and bakeries be enforced, that impurities and adulteration are ruled out by Pure Food and Drug Administration, all of which can better be done if Mrs. Buyer knows brands and labels and reads them carefully.

Questions

1. Make a list of good rules to follow in buying fruit and vegetables, canned and packaged foods, and compare with your own buying habits. How does it score?

2. When is it economical to buy in large quantities?

3. Discuss advantages and disadvantages of packaged food as compared with those bought in bulk.

4. Do vitamins put into fancy containers have more value than the cheaper product bought from miller, farmer, or other producers?

5. Compare home and commercial canning. Which is the most economical? Why?

CONSUMER PROBLEMS

Lesson VII

WHEN ready money is scarce and the consumer needs or sometimes thinks she needs something very much she turns to credit. Ordinary expenditures are just ordinary and to a large extent are predictable. Every woman who has attempted to follow a planned budget in her own household knows that bills for rent, food, clothing, laundry, electricity, gas, etc., can be foreseen with some degree of accuracy but that unpredictable troubles develop from the "extras." It takes only one large bill for an emergency surgical operation to unbalance the best of budgets, and such a calamity may come suddenly no matter how carefully and faithfully health habits are observed. Accidents, sickness, death, birth, diminished savings, lost jobs, are hazards which are unforseeable as to the time they strike, and they do strike most families at some time. If the reserves of all American families provided adequately for sudden needs, then savings, which is for use in just such emergencies could be as accurate as any other item in the budget. But the consumer must meet conditions as they are, and one of these conditions is a result of the amazing growth of installment buying which has become so woven into our present economic life. Whether desirable or not—and only the peculiar circumstances of each person or family can determine that—many do purchase goods on the installment plan. Despite the urge for economy, the high rate of interest, and difficult collection methods used by advertisers of "easy payment" ways, the time payment plan is taken for granted. This being true consumer credit should be used intelligently. Some credit men agree that installment buying is a sound financial investment when it is undertaken with due respect for the family income and when the charge for the accommodation is not too high. Haphazard installment buying is frowned on by all good economists. Before the consumer adopts this method of purchase and before entering into any contract she should as a matter of business know exactly what the carrying charge and rate of interest are. To be safe this plan should be considered as part of household budget and payments made to keep in pace with income so that temptation to buy is not more than can be afforded at one time.

Questions

1. When in your opinion is it permissible or advisable to use the installment plan of buying?

2. What is meant by carrying charge?

3. Should your budget be taken into consideration when buying on the installment plan?

4. How much does this form of credit really cost?

5. Compare installment with other forms of credit as to rate of interest charged.

6. Can you afford to use this form of credit?

CONSUMER'S PROBLEMS
Lesson VIII

THE modern trends in buying household textiles makes it imperative that the housewife looks well to her choosing. There has been an increase in use of cotton over silk, wool and linen. This may be due to increased variety and beauty, as well as price. Best grades of cotton are never as expensive as the same grade in other fabrics. Sales of best table linen damask have decreased and the use of rayon, celanese and other synthetic types have increased. Good linen damask is expensive at the output but with proper care, wears a long time. Rayon in colors and patterns similar to those of linen may be had in many grades, some qualities, however, are as expensive as linen. Less expensive cloths may have rayon patterns on cotton background. The quality of all synthetic fabric is determined by the fineness of yarn, the twist, and closeness of weave. Lace cloths are among best sellers. The majority are cotton and machine made. Handmade linen laces are expensive. If the price is low even if claimed to be "linen handmade" it is well to be skeptical. Handmade filet may be distinguished by the knots at each intersection of mesh.

Breakfast and lunch cloths, towels, curtains, stockings are made from various fibres, either separate or in combination, in many colors, sizes and prices. Clearness of fabric, weight, length, elasticity or stretch at top and ankle, reinforcements, color, finish and size are some points to consider in choosing stockings.

When all types of fabrics are considered it is evident that color has invaded the traditional stronghold of white and in some instances such as bed spreads has displaced it altogether. This increased use of color has brightened homes and in most cases beauty and harmony is the result, but it has had its drawbacks in the unstable dyes used. Towels of all kinds, bed spreads, blankets, pillow cases, table cloths, napkins, have decreased somewhat in size, while sheets have increased in lengths. Although the price of some articles has been lower the past year the real cost has been higher because of the amount of material used.

Questions

1. Compare your own habits of buying today with those of three years ago. Is it more practical? Do you get your money's worth?

2. What is meant by "irregulars," "seconds" and "full fashioned" in stocking manufacture?

3. Although sheer hosiery contains less silk, why is it often as expensive or more so than service weight?

4. What is the difference between silk and rayon stockings?

CONSUMER'S PROBLEMS
Lesson IX

NO matter how well the housewife has done her purchasing, the life of the commodity bought may be long or short according to the kind of care given it.

If silks, woolens, rayon wear out more quickly than they should it is possible that they have been washed in too hot water, with too strong soap, with too much friction or pressed with too hot an iron. Each kind of fabric or article has its own physical and chemical characteristics and must be treated accordingly. The reaction of solvents used and the handling are different with each fabric. Home laundering once considered a menial task has been dignified by home economics and industrial experts, the result of which increases the wearability of washable garments and household linens. With the greatest amount of care and the least amount of cleansing agents used it costs much to be clean. However, it is not economy to be stingy with soap. It is one of the most important aids in modern housekeeping. It is in almost constant use in every home. Consider then what it means to have available the right soap for a given job. All soaps are not alike. Some have in them certain ingredients that render them unsuitable for fabrics. Others have not the quality for making good suds. Still others require the use of strong arm methods to do their work. One advance in science of cleanliness is the manufacture of packaged soaps. Most of these come in flake beads and granules and can be used with safety on all washable articles. But not all packaged soaps are alike. Inferior varieties have crept into the market which the housewife should guard against for sake of her hands as well as for the fabrics. Flakes sold in bulk at low price should be scrutinized unless they are of a reliable brand and sold by a reputable dealer. Packaged soaps have not replaced the bar type but they make a solution and suds much quicker. The first requisite of good soap is its cleaning quality. Second, it must take out the dirt with minimum rubbing and effort. Third, it must clean without injury to hands or fabric. Thick closely-knit bubbles—the lasting kind—are sign of quality soap, while inferior ones make watery bubbles that quickly burst and disappear.

Questions

1. Discuss the safest, most practical and most economical method of caring for such fabrics as silk, wool, cotton, linen and rayon. How and why do they differ?

VICTORS

By Joseph R. Meservy

We must be tried and taste the bitterness of life.
If we endure the sorrow and the strife
That chance to meet us as we go our way,
And if we're ever faithful day by day,
We shall be all the stronger for each ill
We've struggled past and overcome, until
We'll find ourselves with strength enough to win
And always be the victor over sin.

BEFORE THE LIGHT GOES OUT

By Mary E. S. Abel

We left our Heavenly Home on High, rejoicing came to earth
Forgetting all we ever knew, our parentage and birth.
To here progress, was Father's will, but He could not let us go
Until a wondrous plan was given, to guide us here below.
Eternal life awaits us, if we life's lessons learn,
And live each day to gain His love, 'twill insure a safe return.
Free agency is given us, but let's be brave and stout,
And prove our loyalty to him
Before the Light goes out.

Our home can be a Heaven for our lives within can bring
More joy than's ever realized in the palace of a king.
Where father speaks in loving tones to her who loves his praise,
As a sweet continued story of those happy courting days.
It lightens every burden, it makes life seem worth while,
When father uses kind sweet words and greets her with a smile.
It's love that makes home heaven, then why look round about
When love is here. Then give her cheer
Before her Light goes out.

Then mother's eager to return the love and comfort rare,
When father uses loving words, for he, too, likes his share.
Then freely shower on him, just all the joy you can,
And train the children in their love, 'twill make the happiest man
To feel love's arms around him, love's whispers soft and low.
'Twill mean so much to him, the love we feel, to know.
Love grows with use. Then don't forget to scatter it about
And make for him a happy home
Before his Light goes out.

Or if you have a neighbor, friend, or pal of long ago,
And your presence and words of love will cheer him up, you know,
Why put it off from day to day? Why till tomorrow wait?
And have the saddest feeling, when you've put it off too late.
The time to give your flowers, or to speak your words of cheer,
Is when your friends are living and they can see and hear.
Don't wait until you know that they are down and out,
You've lost your chance to do it
When the Light goes out.

The day we live in is the day of which the Seers have spoken,
When Prophets are upon the earth and Heaven's silence broken.
A time when Temples speak the praise of Father's wondrous plan
By which Salvation reaches out and brings relief to man.
No earthly power should hinder us from seeing duty clear,
What we, the favored ones, can do for those so near and dear.
We can be Saviors—joy supreme, when we hear the pleasing shout
Of gratitude—If this we've done
Before the Light goes out.

Then let's be up and doing while yet the day is clear,
For no one knows when cometh night, our days are numbered here.
Then every day should be our best and no offense be given
To one of Father's children here, if we're approved of Heaven.
So let us cheer each one we meet and let them feel and know
That we're in very deed a friend. Let *this* our actions show
Don't let *one* feel that no one cares, if they get down and out.
Let's bring good cheer to all we meet,
Before the Light goes out.

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